

WILLIAM BOOTH, Founder

GEORGE L. CARPENTER, General

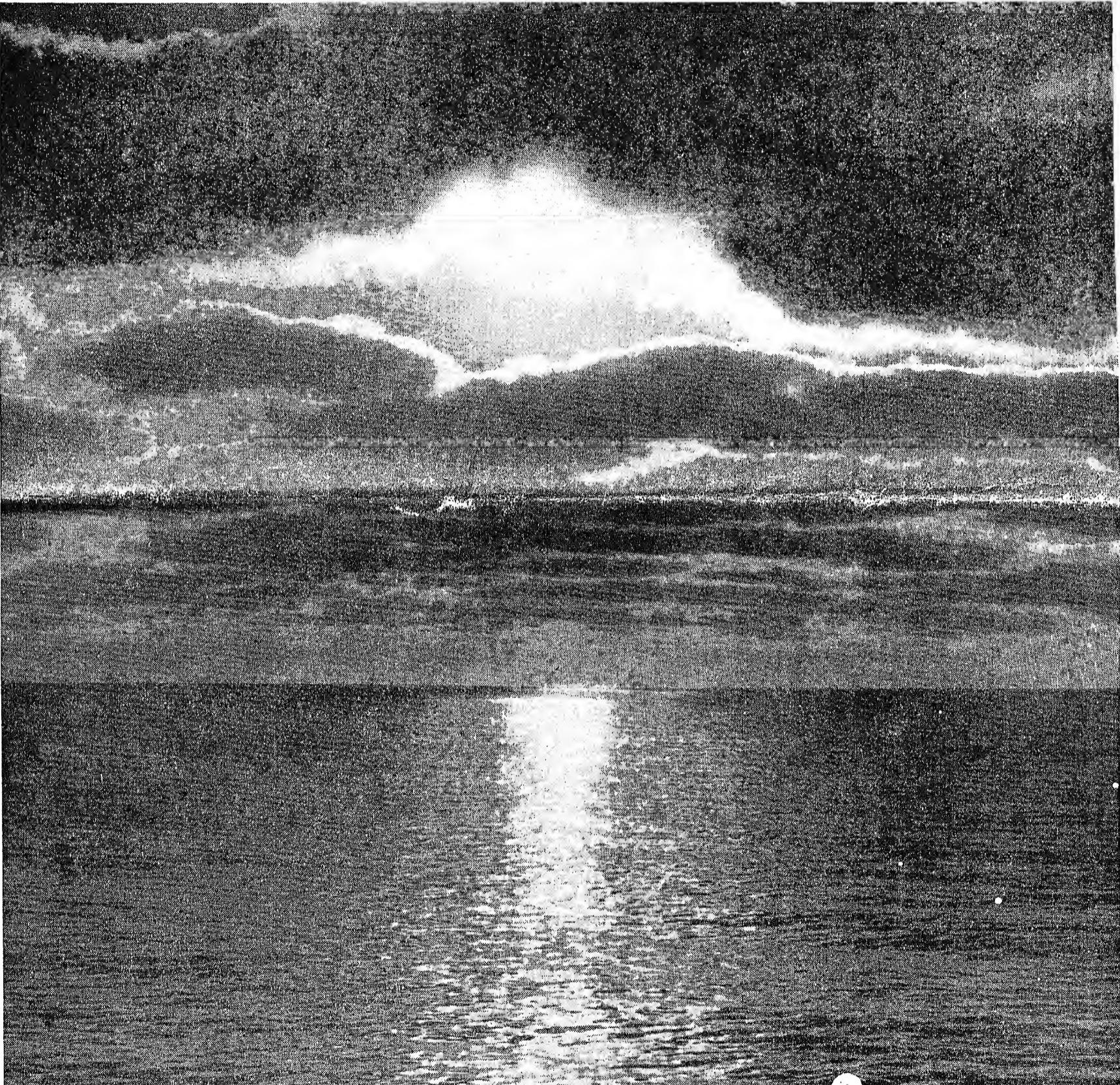
The War Cry

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, ALASKA, NEWFOUNDLAND & BERMUDA

No. 3009. Price Five Cents

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1942

Benjamin Orames, Commissioner



EVENING PRAYER

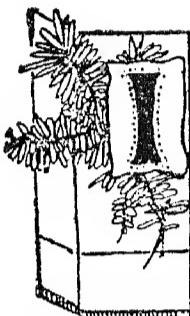
A BIDE with me: fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the Tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my Guide and Stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

SERMONS BY HENRY F. MILANS

Without Texts

: The Uniform a Symbol :



RODE in a car quite recently with quite a number of soldiers — some going to camps, others on short leaves to their homes. They were an interesting lot of boys who, I think enjoyed the secret admiration we all had for them. But a few of them forgot the little niceties of behavior that make us admirable to each other.

I had just read a paragraph in my newspaper which fairly shouted: "Our American boys proved to be real heroes." But this did not seem to fit so well on four of the half-tipsy soldiers who suddenly exploded with a burst of language that was far from being choice.

I think we were all sorry about this. They had forgotten for the moment that in uniform "there's something about a soldier that is fine, fine, fine!" That uniform is a symbol of bravery, bigness, cleanliness and manliness. It is an assurance that we who are not able to fight are under the protective care of men who know their responsibility and will stand up to it even if it means death—as it so often does. But I think we all felt that the uniform did not mean so much at the moment, that it had been mussed up pretty badly by those few soldiers who had forgotten for what it stands.

That Ugly Spot

An infantry Captain I afterward met in a hotel dining-room had taken "a few too many." Just then he did not seem at all to be the ideal leader of men. When we looked at the uniform he wore there seemed to be an ugly spot on it, put there by the officer's behavior.

Mother and sweethearts waited to greet these homecoming soldiers with pride. I hoped they would not smell the fumes of the liquor they had drunk. Mothers and sweethearts glory in uniforms. They denote heroism and everything fine. But bleary eyes and alcoholic breaths besmear the inspiring symbol and dim its glory.

I cannot conceive of anything finer than The Salvation Army uniform. It has a sacred meaning, and gives voice to a testimony that proclaims the power of Christ to save; it wins the admiration of all fine

STRENGTH FOR DUTY

SPEAK, Lord, our souls are hushed to hear what Thou hast to say to us. Great is the stake, overwhelming may be the risks—most glorious are the opportunities.

Speak, Lord, and show us what our duty is—how high, how difficult, yet how happy, how blessed—show us what our duty is, and, O great God and Father, give us strength to do it.—Dean Stanley.

Self-Sacrifice

To check the erring and reprove; Thou, who art victory and law, When empty terrors overawe, Give unto me, made lowly wise, The spirit of self-sacrifice.

Wordsworth.

people, and respect from the lowest. But this admiration fades immeasurably when the least indiscretion is permitted to bring reproach upon our blessed symbol of consecration to Christ's saving ministry. It hurts terribly when anything is done to bespot The Salvation Army uniform.

I unexpectedly came face to face recently with one of our comrades who seemed very nervous and embarrassed for some reason. Suddenly a lighted cigarette that he was trying to conceal in his closed hand was beginning to burn the flesh, and he had to throw the thing away, much to his confusion.

GOD had secretly told my comrade there was something about the cigarette that was not in harmony with his promise to live above reproach in the sight of men, or he would not have tried to hide the burning thing from me.

But beyond this, my comrade was bringing our blessed organization and what its uniform stands for into public disrepute. This Soldier was besmirching the distin-

guished dress of Christ's Army of Salvation.

It is a great pity when this is done is it not? There is something about a Soldier that is fine when he feels that the uniform he wears is a sacred symbol of his loving apostleship with Christ, the heart of the whole Church of God.

The uniform ought to be to us whom Jesus has cleansed a symbol of righteousness.

The Uniform Speaks

Uniforms are not just clothes, they speak loudly to people of our loyalty to the cause we profess, to be willing to die for if need be.

When the wearing of a soldier's uniform is a badge of loyalty and devotion to his country, there is something about that soldier that is fine, and we all admire him. When The Salvation Army Soldier lives the testimony that his uniform gives for Christ, there cannot be anything finer.

What a shame to bespot it by some cheap compromise in behavior that we hope no one will discover! But God's eye sees!

A Weekly Feature

A Portion a Day

SUNDAY:

And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh.—Luke 21:28.

When "men's hearts fail them for fear" a God-glorifying inner strength is provided for His people. Their hearts being calm in the surety of eternal triumph, their deportment and manner are in direct contrast to the downcast and overwhelmed.

As far from danger as from fear. While Love, Almighty Love, is near.

MONDAY: And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares.

Luke 21:34.

The fact that "cares of this world" are in the same category as "major" sins constitutes a grave warning to Christians. The subtleness of the legitimate carried to excess is insidious and deadly.

My soul, be on thy guard! Ten thousand foes arise, The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.

TUESDAY: Jesus took bread . . . and said, Take, eat; this is My body. And He took the cup . . . and He said unto them, This is My blood of the new tea-

tament, which is shed for many.

Mark 14:22-24.

The simplest and most common things of life are employed to teach us of Christ, so that everything shall remind us of Him, and the whole daily life be sanctified and transfigured.

Let all my works in Thee be wrought,
By Thee to full perfection brought.

WEDNESDAY: Then opened He their understanding.—Luke 24:45.

Closed by prejudice, by wrong teaching, by meagre experience and observation, by turning from the light, spiritual eyes are opened by the Great Liberator from darkness and error. Then and then only is the Light of the World really seen.

O may I still from sin depart;
A wise and understanding heart
Jesus, to me be given.

THURSDAY: Then Samuel took the horn of oil, and anointed him in the midst of his brethren; and the Spirit of the Lord came upon David from that day forward.—I Sam. 16:13.

It is good for a young person to learn early what his life work is to be that he may have his ideal ever before him.

Fear not to build thine eyrie in the heights

GOD'S WILL IS THE FACTOR

An interesting change of cables between the Right Rev. James E. Freeman, Bishop of Washington (Episcopal) and General Douglas MacArthur, while he was still in the Philippines, has been revealed.

In his cable, General MacArthur declared that "God's will" would determine the struggle. The interchange began with a cable from Bishop Freeman as follows:

"In Washington Cathedral today, gave thanks for your heroic service and prayed for God's protection of you and your men."

The General responded with the following:

"Appreciate deeply your prayers for our protection. God's will cannot fail to be the determining factor in this as in all other human endeavor."

RARE TREASURES

An old iron-bound box was discovered at Tarkastad, in Cape Province, and was found to contain the long-sought-after letters and papers of Robert Moffatt, the African missionary pioneer. Moffatt's

The way of Prayer is not a foot-path, it's a knee-path; yet by all odds that is the fastest mode of travel known to men who seek to attain a heavenly goal.

grandson, Dr. Unwin Moffatt, left his home at Nice on the collapse of France and went to South Africa. He came upon the box in the home of his brother. Authorities in London, shown the inventory of the papers, agree that it should make "one of the finest collections of African missionary manuscripts extant." Among the papers are many letters from David Livingstone, the explorer and missionary whose discoveries in Africa greatly advanced geographical knowledge.

It may be that there is an unused Bible tucked away in the attic trunk, or in some obscure corner of your home. Search for it, for therein are invaluable treasures of truth which, if accepted, will lead a hopeless, sin-bound sinner to the Saviour. The boundless joy of a forgiven past and a new life of peace in Christ will be an experience inexpressibly dear.

Where golden splendors lay;
And trust thyself unto thine inmost soul,

In simple faith always,
And God will make divinely real
The highest forms of thine ideal.

FRIDAY: But David abode in the wilderness; and . . . Saul came after him into the wilderness.—I Sam. 26:8.

David's difficult years of exile taught him much about the people, his own dependence on God and arts of war; sharpened his powers of leadership and many of his sweetest songs for the comfort and hope of all ages resulted from this hard experience. For those who love Him, God definitely plans all events, even seeming adversity.

Just and good is Thy decree,
Safe in Thine own will we rest,
Sure whatever is is best.

SATURDAY: Lord, increase our faith.
Luke 17:5.

Faith to Christian living and progress is the breath, the heart-beat, the life-line. No wonder those who know its possibilities cry out for more, that the power of Christ may be liberated to free a sin-bound world.

Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done
Till thou obtain the crown.

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada, Alaska, Newfoundland, and Bermuda. William Booth, Founder; Georges L. Carpenter, General; Benjamin Orames, Commissioner. International Headquarters, Queen Victoria Street, London; Territorial Headquarters, James and Albert Streets, Toronto, Ont.

Printed for The Salvation Army in Canada, Alaska, Newfoundland, and Bermuda by The Salvation Army Printing House, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, Canada.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A copy of The War Cry, including the special Easter and Christmas issues, will be mailed each week for one year to any address in Canada for \$2.50 prepaid.

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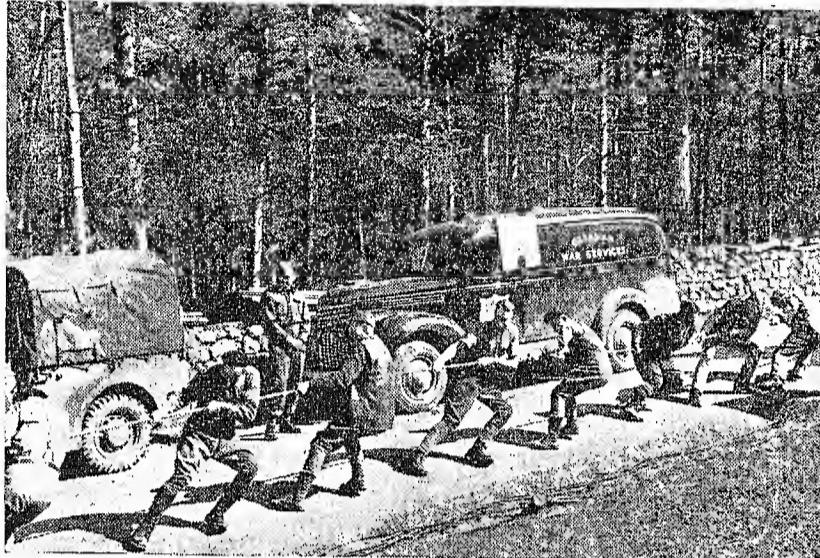
Private T. Green's Army Guernsey



THERE is very little about "Tank City" to give it a claim on most folks' attention. An optimistic pioneering railroad company had visualized it as a centre of a flourishing grain district, and the grain-elevator and its adjacent water-tank stood up against the horizon as a suggestion of their faith, and that, with the exception of a cluster of stores and a Chinese cafe all but constituted the town. Another optimistic pioneer had seen it as a probable centre of Salvation Army activity and had planted an Outpost there, and of this Tommy Green was the life and soul, the inspiration of the other five comrades on the local Roll.

I may as well tell you straight off that "Tank City" is no more the real name of the place than is Tommy Green the correct name of the hero of this story; neither is his name Black or White or Grey. I think it is Shakespeare who says that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," and Green will suit Tommy as well as his own rightful name, though I have by no means selected it for him as an ulterior description of the little fellow.

When Tommy announced to his five other comrades his intention of joining up with the Canadian Forces of the Crown there was some con-



KEEPING FIT.—Men on special duty in Britain enjoy a tug-of-war during an off-duty period, while a Red Shield Mobile Canteen stands ready to supply refreshments

so well informed, and took his rather green and certainly religious appearance as an indication that he could be teased without measure, and proceeded to act accordingly.

Tommy smiled, and smiled some more. He smiled when they "chipped" him over saying "Grace" before he started his first meal in the mess, and smiled again when he found that his billy-tin had been

Some ill-informed individual had told him that he "couldn't put his religion down as 'Salvation Army,'" whereupon Tommy had loudly given his testimony by saying "The Salvation Army, mister, or home again for me!" and an officer hearing the dispute put the sergeant down a peg or two by saying, "Do as he tells you, sergeant, and the sooner you join The Salvation

A Red Shield Story from Overseas

ternation among them, but each of the five declared their intention to stand by the Flag, and Tommy went off to camp with his mind fairly at ease in regard to such matters. (He has by no means been let down, for one of the last letters he had from home contained the news that "our members are keeping up at least as the Uniteds.")

* * *

On the very day of his arrival at camp Tommy "took his stand," as we say. He prepared for it by joining up in full Salvation Army uniform—it was the only best suit he had, so there wasn't much choice. The agent at the railroad depot asked him if "he was off to Congress" so blatantly Salvation Army was he. Of course it landed him in the midst of some caustic and critical comment by his new chums, but this worried him not at all. He had been used to criticism for years until the people of "Tank City" had come to know his worth. His new chums, however, were not

removed while his eyes had been shut for his devotions. He smiled when he went up to the orderly and asked for another plateful, and smiled when he received it from the orderly, who had seen what had taken place. In himself, however, he did not smile so realistically when he remembered how his old mother would have cooked and served the portion.

There was a smile on his face when the sergeant gave him "gip" for a certain clumsiness in his efforts at drill, especially as his Salvation Army uniform exposed him to the N.C.O.'s rather undone jokes. There was a smile on his face, too, when he knelt to say his prayers in the tent at night. If he had been more literary minded he might have smiled more when some wag cried out in an exaggerated whisper, "Hush, Christopher Robin is saying his prayers." He was quite ready for a fusilade of boots, and, doubtless, would have smiled if such had come his way.

He had another disputation with authority on the matter of his red Salvation Army guernsey. (I think the modern term for such a garment is "sweater," but please allow me to be old-fashioned.) In language very similar in color to the guernsey, the sergeant desired him to take it off, but Tommy refused point-blank on the sure grounds that his red sweater was no more irregular than the sergeant's own blue one.

He continued to wear his "garment of righteousness," and also his popularity increased. Some of those who were in the know said it was bought with a price, and this was not altogether untrue, for he was always "good for a touch." Being a bachelor, and having left "Tank City" with a few dollars in his sav-



ings account, he could not resist any specious plea for assistance, often helping a man much better off than himself. Experience, however, taught him wisdom, and continued military association brought him to the stage where "he was not so green as he was cabbage looking." Also when it became known that he made the hand-out the occasion for having a "go" at the man about his soul, some hitherto applicants fought shy of him.

It was by no means a lonely life he lived. One might have thought that his forthright Salvationism would have put an ostracism on him, but, by no manner of means. Before long he was the "problem bureau" of the camp. More than one man came to him for advice on this and that, and Tommy often had cause to smile as he contrasted his peaceful bachelordom with the domestic difficulties brought to him for solution.

Then, in spite of his emphatic religion, and, maybe, because of it, he had a fund of good stories. He could always find one to point a situation or to emphasize his advice. His were, of course, clean stories, and, as such, a change on most of those told by the would-be wits of the unit, and nobody seemed to realize how quickly he could make one of his yarns terminate in a half-minute sermon. Oh, yes, he had learned the lesson of speaking a word in season.

* * *

Tommy came overseas, and great was his delight when he saw his first London Salvationist on the street while he was having a "spot of leave." He nearly came a cropper here, however, for this London Salvationist, knowing only a Soldiership which was surrounded by crowds of others like himself, and some of the "high-ups," wasn't too enthusiastic in his greeting. He little understood the close comradeship of "Tank City" Outpost, of which Tommy was so demonstrative an exponent. This experience was balanced, however, by the warm welcome he received at the "Regent Hall," which was, for Tommy, the mecca of his journeys.

It was soon after he came overseas that he had his downfall. Now, hold your horses, it wasn't such a matter as might necessitate a Census Meeting at "Tank City." He had gone from success to success, he was no longer the sergeant's butt on the drill-ground. He had now risen to the dizzy military height of lance-corporal. But his Waterloo was in sight.

(Continued on page 10)

The Rainbow

THE rainbow paints reflections in the sky,
With shades and brilliant hues, both bright and fair;
It is a work of art that's wrought with care,
A welcome sight that comes to please the eye.
Though said to point where fortune's gold doth lie,
To treasured wealth beyond its beauty rare,
Apart from earth, suspended in the air,

It is God's emblem true, of peace on high.

The rainbow is a sign of storm's release,
That shows where struggling sunbeams first have kissed
The verdant realms so fair to look upon.
'Tis God's memorial of hope and peace,
That stands reflected in the sun's bright mist,
And marks the hour when tempest clouds have gone.

Judge Harry Brokaw.



IN TENTLAND.—An energetic woman Salvationist serves hot tea to appreciative servicemen in between chores

PERIODS OF THE ARMY'S HISTORY IN CANADA RETOLD

COMPILED BY CAPTAIN ARNOLD BROWN



15.—IN THE ISLAND DOMINION

HE unofficial beginning of Salvation Army work in Newfoundland, occurring about this time, was the happy result of a happy event—a honeymoon! Mrs. Captain Dawson (Emma Churchill) went from Owen Sound, Ont., to visit her parents at Portugal Cove, about nine miles from St. John's. During the bride and groom's stay, meetings were conducted in the Temperance Hall on Victoria Street, in St. John's. Though the building had been condemned, it was crowded, so much so that Mrs. Dawson had to be carried in over the heads of the people. Here and in the Orange Hall where subsequent meetings were held, hundreds of people found God. Mr. J. R. Smallwood, writing in *The Book of Newfoundland*, says: "Through Mrs. Dawson's efforts large numbers of men were converted, and these formed the nucleus of the present Army."

Later came the official opening of The Army in Newfoundland. In 1886 D. O. Young and a small party of Officers arrived. They held their first open-air meeting on the Parade Ground in St. John's. A large crowd gathered attracted by curiosity, the novelty of the methods used, and the peculiarities of The Army lassies. Indeed, the crowd grew so large that it got beyond control, the police interfered, and it was finally dispersed, the Officers escaping with minor injuries. A Hall was secured on Springdale Street, but street marches were limited to one a week because of the confusion caused. These were held on Sunday morning and were escorted by the police.

There was opposition of a particularly violent kind, and for many months, Officers and Soldiers were severely harried. Out of 37,000 population in the city, it was estimated that The Army had only about one thousand friends. When the Officers went to leave a house they had visited, they were met by a crowd armed with hatchets and only police intervention saved them. Women would meet the Officers with knives, scissors and darning-needles to stab them, and nothing but the assistance of kindly passers-by prevented bodily damage. A woman Salvationist, on her way home one night, was attacked by a gang of three hundred ruffians who threw her into a ditch and trampled on her. She managed to get away a few steps, but they took her again and threw her down. Women standing in their doorways shouted, "Kill her! Kill her!" She was so badly injured that it required three policemen to take her away to her home. The Hall doorkeeper was seized by the roughs, and trampled on so angrily that he became a permanent cripple. Nor did the vandals confine themselves to the Soldiery. Rocks were thrown through the Citadel windows, and when the pane-less windows were barred with woodwork, the rocks were hurled with redoubled force so that shutters as well came tumbling about the heads of the praying Soldiers. In all the three-storey building there were hardly a dozen squares of glass left whole.

But there was a brighter side. No battle was too fierce if men and women were being won away from lives of sin to God, and the fishermen and sailors who were being soundly converted and giving glowing testimonies caused the brave Officers to rejoice.

If there had been in Toronto such an oddity as one who until April, 1886, had not heard of The Salvation Army, that one person would have been well informed during that historic month; for amid jubilations that stirred the entire city with interest, the new Toronto Temple and Territorial Headquarters were opened by the first member of the Booth family to visit Canada—Colonel Ballington.

The building, costing \$27,000, reared imposingly above the small and not-too-presentable buildings that surrounded it. As far as one could see, it stood out as the finest edifice in size and appearance. A local newspaper gave a detailed description: "The front portion of the building on Albert Street, which is 100 feet in width, is four storeys in height, and is devoted to offices, work rooms, and stores. The conspicuous features of the front are a large central tower, 90 feet high, and two side angular towers, the whole of the front sky-line showing heavy battlements. The central tower has a large gothic-arched entrance with oriel windows. The rear portion of the building consists of the caretaker's apartments, back entrance, and coal cellar. The Temple proper is immediately behind the offices and stores, and is amphitheatrical in construction, having a large gallery facing the platform. The dimensions of the room are: height from floor to ceiling thirty-six feet, length ninety feet, breadth eighty feet. The ceiling is to be flat, and sheeted, having a large eave running around it. The roof is to be constructed of wood, the principals framed for a span of ninety feet having beams resting on stone corbels on either side. The basement under the Temple is to be used as a banqueting hall, and has an average height of thirteen feet. The offices and stores are to be heated with steam, and the Temple with hot air."

(To be continued)

A PLACE AT THE PEACE TABLE

RELIGION should have a place at the peace conference if a just and lasting peace is to be written at the end of the war, Attorney-General John J. Bennett, Jr., Democratic aspirant for the gubernatorial nomination in New York State, declared in a speech before the Anniversary Day parade of the Brooklyn Sunday School Union.

"It is peculiar," Mr. Bennett said,

"that the Church is never represented at the peace conference table. Maybe that's what is the matter. Maybe that is what we need at the next peace conference."

"Before we can have a just and lasting peace we have to turn back to God; to bring Him not only to men and women individually, but back to the government so that government can be just."

This Topsy-Turvy World

A Proper Sense of Balance Is Needed

By CAPTAIN H. C. STEWART



ISAT by a window watching the trees sway in the wind. In the branches of the nearest tree, I saw a solitary bird. He was a clever little fellow. Although the tree swayed violently to and fro, our feathered friend manipulated his feathered appendages to good advantage, and kept his perch through it all. As I watched him I thought, what a lesson in balance—keeping on an even keel through the tempest!

In the basement of a bank building in Toronto, there is an immense steel door, weighing many tons, which must be opened before entering into the treasure-vaults. Looking at this huge door, one would naturally suppose that it is swung open by mechanical means. This, however, is not so. A small child can push it open with one hand. The

IF

If we noticed little pleasures
As we notice little pains;
If we quite forgot our losses,
And remembered all our gains;
If we looked for people's virtues,
And their faults refused to see,
What a comfortable, happy, cheerful place this world would be.

reason this extremely heavy door works so smoothly can be summed up in one word—balance!

It is surprising, when one begins to think along these lines, how many very important things of daily life depend on proper balance. The clock must balance well, or we cannot tell the hour. The mineral balance of our bodies must be maintained, or else life is made miserable and we die. The book-keeper appreciates the importance of correct balance; if he doesn't he is on his way out of a job. Even the universe we live in is a marvel of fine balance; to upset this remarkable equilibrium, would mean swift destruction.

Yet among all the evidence of balance, man is revealed as a creature of extremes. He will go to a place of worship on Sunday and confess his sins and be very good; then he will come out of the building and be very bad for no apparent reason. Give him liberty of action and he doesn't appreciate it, or

make use of it. Take it away from him for the common good and he "kicks" and grumbles himself into an antagonistic, unco-operative state of mind. Ask him if he believes in God and he says, "I certainly do," then he will spend the big part of his life living as though there were no Higher Authority to which he must give account. The sad part of it is that this type of person is not a minority but a majority, and the world is socially a product of the people.

What a topsy-turvy world we live in! The human mind is a conundrum. No one can be sure what line of thought the people will espouse on the morrow. The world is in a desperate condition; like a deer in the throes of salt-craze, wandering, seeking, craving satisfaction and peace.

What man needs is a renewal of the sense of balance. Yes, he must have balance or our civilization will eventually cause its own eradication. If civilization is to be delivered from chaos, the individual man and woman must emulate the perfect example of history's foremost character, outstanding for his even balance, and sane thinking—Jesus Christ. We must follow His teaching in regard to our own relationship to God and to each other, remembering that He died to put us in even balance with life.

Considering the state of modern times, it seems that we need more of that fine old commodity that in former days was referred to as "horse sense." And after all what is "horse sense" but "stable thinking?" Let us cultivate a more balanced life—a saner mode of living. Let us balance up our thinking by giving more time to God and His worship.

The fear of God is still the beginning of wisdom, and many people are overlooking to-day, this truth.

STRIKING EVIDENCE

ROBERT MORRISON, the first Protestant missionary to China, had faith in God. On the trip to his new field of labor the ship owner asked sneeringly, "Do you really expect to make an impression on the idolatry of the great Chinese Empire?"

"No, sir," replied Morrison promptly, "I expect God will."

To-day, China's leader, General Chiang-Kai-Shek, with his wife, are an evidence of the acceptance of the Chinese people of the Christian faith.

"DOWN UNDER"

(From the Australian War Cry)

IT happened because The War Cry reporter had boarded the wrong bus. Alighting quickly, he began to walk in the pre-calculated direction of the camp he sought, and he had proceeded only a short distance when an American transport driver, in a heavy service truck, swung alongside and stopped.

"Going some place?" enquired the driver, leaning out of the cabin. "Wherever I can find a military camp," returned the Salvationist, with a grin.

"Then come along to our headquarters," was the invitation, and very shortly the Salvationist arrived at his unexpected destination. Moreover, he was soon made at home among a delightful company of men.

"Does The Salvation Army function in the town from which you

came?" one soldier was asked.

"Sure!" replied the serviceman,

"they were there before I was born,

but I've worked a lot in Toronto,

and boy, can those Bands play!"

"Yes, I've heard—" began the Salvationist, when the soldier cut him short, "You have heard them?" he asked eagerly.

"No, but our chief, that is, the Editor-in-Chief (Lieut.-Colonel Jas. Hawkins) has often praised their merits—he knows Canadian Bands and music!"

"What was he doing in Canada?"

"Editing our papers."

"And he knows music?"

"Sure," replied the Salvationist, catching up with as much of the vernacular as possible. "He was a trombonist."

"I play myself," said the soldier, and he promised to look for The Army Bands.

Fifty-Sixth Annual Congress

In Newfoundland

Stimulating Gatherings in the Capital City of St. John's

RECORD attendances, stimulating leadership, joyous singing and uplifting messages marked the 56th Annual Congress in St. John's, Newfoundland, conducted by the Chief Secretary, Colonel G. W. Peacock. The Colonel was supported by Mrs. Colonel Peacock, the Divisional Commander, Brigadier J. Acton, Mrs. Acton, and other Officers.

At the Temple on Saturday night an enthusiastic welcome was given to the Congress visitors, and although this is "Shops Open" night, an excellent crowd was on hand. The meeting opened with a rousing song, Brigadier E. Fagner invoked the blessing, and Mrs. Brigadier Acton read the Scripture portion.

Following a lilting march by the united Bands, representative speakers greeted the Congress leader and delegates. Bandsman Leslie Handigan spoke on behalf of the Soldiers along Newfoundland's long coastline. Bandmaster Roy Saund-

benediction on the day's efforts. The Chief Secretary, in a pointed reference to the deadly challenge of war to the Church, asked his large congregation to unite in prayer that the power of righteousness might prevail. The massed Songsters sang with effect, "Wonderful Healer," and Mrs. Peacock spoke of the need of pure and undefiled religion.

The playing of the United Bands (Adjutant A. Moulton) "None of self and all of Thee," was a fitting prelude to the Chief Secretary's Bible message in which he portrayed individuals possessed with "getting" and showed vividly the tragedy of such lives. He also spoke of the spirit of the early martyrs, how they gave, even to their death, and charged his hearers as Soldiers of Christ to give themselves fully to the desperate battle against wrong.

Major W. C. Brown pronounced the Benediction after an opportunity for consecration had been

recent visit to war-time England. The meeting was presided over by Major General L. F. Page, D.S.O. General Officer Commanding combined Canadian and Newfoundland troops. The Divisional Commander presented the chairman, who paid a glowing tribute to The Army's service to the troops. He especially referred to his knowledge of the Organization's service during the last war. Returning with his battalion from overseas, he said the first and only persons to greet them on this side were The Army workers, who were "on the job to give treats to the war-tired boys."

During his lecture Colonel Peacock brought greetings from Commissioner Orames to the people of Newfoundland, and specially to His Worship Mayor Andrew Carnell, C.B.E. The speaker particularly referred to the dauntless and sacrificing lads out on the ocean, and the part played by the gallant women of the Empire, outlining also the organization of the Red Shield Women's Auxiliary.

His Worship the Mayor brought greetings to the gathering, and Mr. C. E. Hunt, K.C., proposed a vote of thanks, seconded by Commander Hope, who deputized for Rear-Admiral Murray. Brigadier Acton presented the vote to the audience and it was enthusiastically carried.

During the afternoon prayer was offered by Chaplain Major H. E. Parker, and the Scripture was read by Mrs. Colonel Peacock. The united Songsters delighted the audience with their rendering of "Our Flag." The united Bands also played acceptable selections.

The Temple echoed to the strains of the Founder's Song which opened the Salvation meeting at night. The building was crowded to capacity, the overflow being ac-



Major-General L. F. Page, D.S.O., who presided at the Congress Sunday afternoon gathering

Know a Fount." Mrs. Colonel Peacock in a brief but pointed message spoke of the power of God to regenerate men and raise them to the highest heights of success.

Following the selection "My Redeemer" by the united Bands, the Chief Secretary spoke with power. Hearts were stirred, and in a well-fought prayer meeting many decisions were made. An eventide open-air meeting completed the day's program when more than a thousand people joined in worship. Brigadier Acton, who introduced eventide meetings in Newfoundland, was in charge of this gathering.

Monday night a sizable crowd visited the Temple for a musical program. Taking part were the Temple Band (Bandmaster Butler), the Adelaide Street Band (Bandmaster Saunders), the Temple Songsters (Leader W. Woodland), and the Adelaide Street Songsters (Leader W. Howse), the united Bands and Songsters (Adjutant A. Moulton), and young people from the Educational College. At the conclusion of the meeting a film entitled "The Serving Army" was shown by Adjutant H. Fisher (Auxiliary Supervisor at Cape Spear).

The Chief Secretary presided over the program, his rich experience with Bands and his anecdotes adding greatly to the interest.

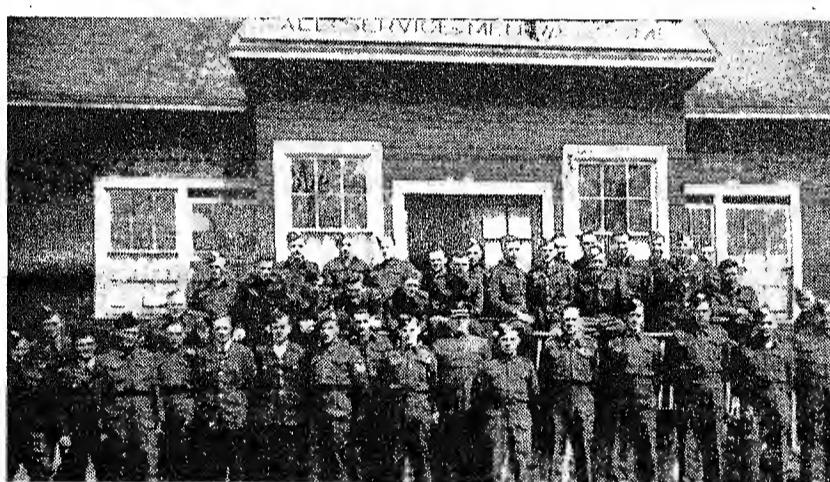
The Tuesday night meeting for Local Officers and Soldiers in the Adelaide Street Citadel was indeed a return to the "Old Wells." Following some rousing singing led by the Divisional Commander, Mrs. Peacock brought a comforting message, her words of confidence in the wonderful promises of God inspiring her listeners to a sense of security and trust.

Colonel Peacock introduced a chorus, appropriate for the hour, "Put on the whole armor of God," and following a vocal duet, he gave a challenging and pointed message. "Progress we must have," he said, "but not one step without taking with us the fundamentals, the landmarks that are the very warp and woof of The Army." A number of comrades responded to Brigadier Acton's appeal for an out-and-out surrender to God's leadings.

The Officers' Councils on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday were highly thought-provocative and helpful.

On Monday afternoon Mrs. Brigadier Acton arranged an interesting Women's meeting at the Temple when Mrs. Colonel Peacock was the speaker. Mrs. Acton presented Mrs. S. P. Whiteway, who presided, and Mrs. Whiteway introduced Mrs. Peacock. Mrs. Major Cornick and Mrs. E. G. Hunter offered prayer. The Scripture was read by Mrs. Major Brown. A group from the Educational College (Leader R. Carter) sang a vocal selection.

Brigadier Fagner also spoke during the meeting.



ABOVE: Servicemen visitors line up for a picture in front of the Red Shield Hut at Grand Falls, Nfld.

ers, principal of Mundy Pond Day School, represented The Army's public school teachers. Major C. Peach greeted the visitors on behalf of the Social Work, and Major L. Kennedy represented the Field Officers.

Both Colonel and Mrs. Peacock spoke briefly, and Mrs. Peacock referring to Newfoundland as her birthplace, spoke with mixed feelings of her delight in returning after a long absence. The Colonel expressed himself as glad to be in Newfoundland and spoke with deep concern of the importance of youth to-day. "The new order that is sure to come will only incorporate things Christian in proportion to the extent we save youth," said he. Brigadier Acton piloted the meeting during which a male quartet sang "Soldiers of Christ Arise," and a vocal duet was rendered by Adjutant A. Moulton and Bandsman W. Woodland. Rev. Bob Munro, an old friend of Colonel and Mrs. Peacock, closed with prayer and pronounced the Benediction.

Congress Sunday is a great day for Salvationists of Newfoundland's Capital. This year a keen sense of anticipation was in evidence right from the start. The weatherman could not have been kinder and a brilliant sun shone on three well-attended open-air meetings. As pre-arranged, Officers, Soldiers, Bands and Life-Saving sections joined in the Congress March.

In the Holiness meeting, following a fervent prayer-song led by the Divisional Commander, Adjutant Marion Barter prayed God's



taken advantage of by several young seekers.

The Capitol Theatre was the scene of a public rally of Salvation Army forces in the afternoon. The spacious building was crowded to hear the Colonel's lecture on his

moderated in the Young People's Hall where a public address system had been installed by Bandsman Fred Cousens. Adjutant B. Evans, of the War Services, led in prayer and Captain G. Noble read the Scripture. The united Songsters sang "I

The General's Message TO DELEGATES ATTENDING THE 56TH CONGRESS IN NEWFOUNDLAND

MRS. CARPENTER and I have grateful memories of Newfoundland Congresses. We would rejoice to be with you at this time, but have been happy to meet in Britain Salvationists from towns and outports of Newfoundland, who are keeping the Flag flying in war services.

You meet in a period unexampled in history, when everywhere in the world is demonstrated the failure of the material in the conflict of life. Christ, the Saviour of all men is the world's only hope and in His Name I call upon you to a new surrender of yourselves, to walk with Christ in holy life, and to passionately seek the salvation of souls of young and old.

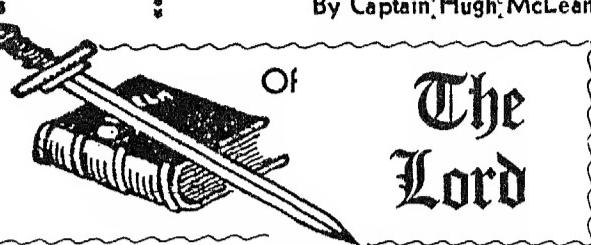
Mrs. Carpenter joins me in affectionate greetings.

International Headquarters,
London.

GEORGE L. CARPENTER,
General.

New Bible-Study Series

By Captain Hugh McLean



The Sword of The Lord

THE VALE OF REPHIDIM

(Exodus 17)

OUTSIDE the tent of the Leader a confused babel of voices rose in ever-growing volume. Voice calling to voice broke the silence of the desert afternoon, and the weary man in the tent wondered what could be the grievance now. Had the people not been fed by the very hand of God? Did not quail come up in the evening and manna every morning? Nay, even since reaching this spot—this Vale of Rephidim—had not God once more used this rod here by his hand to bring waters in a great pool out of the barren rock that was called Horeb? What, then, could they be demanding now?

Gradually Moses detected cries of dismay in the noise of the crowd. What were they fearing? He reacheed for his rod, the simple badge of his office whose use had been so often honored by the miraculous power of God, and had just risen when Aaron entered the door of the tent. His face was grave.

"Moses!" he began hurriedly. "My brother, we are beset by an enemy! All the hills to the west are covered with horses and chariots! What shall be done?"

Chariots and Horsemen

It was the familiar cry—"What shall be done?" And Moses reacted to it in the familiar way—by action. With a firm stride he left the tent and stood outside, looking over the rolling sandy hills to a distant crest, his glance following the pointing hand of Aaron. It was true. Long lines of chariots and horsemen were coming over it in great numbers. Spears glittered in the late sunlight and shouts of anger and concern reached his ears from the camp of the Israelites near at hand. The Leader gave a long look toward the rows of eamal-hair tents that held his people and then turned again to the approaching horsemen. Now there were more.

"Who are they?" he asked.

Aaron, watching his brother's face keenly, had been relieved to see no sign of concern. "It is not fully known, my brother. Our scouts are not agreed as to who they are. Perhaps . . ." Aaron began to falter for words.

"Find out," came the quiet order. "Bring Joshua to me. He will know."

Moses re-entered the tent and soon Joshua was facing him, tall, black-bearded, a man of boldness and of strength.

"They are the men of Amalek," he told the Leader. "Our scouts have seen them at close hand. They are many but we can deal hardly with them. Jehovah is with us."

There was silence in the tent until at last Aaron could stand it no longer. "What is to be done?" he begged.

The Leader looked up, his eyes shining as if a light were set behind them. The old, old question, he thought. "Leave me," was what he said.

Turning as the tent-flap fell be-

ADVICE—

Sometimes comes from strange sources.
Is easy to give and hard to take.
Does not always depend upon its source for its goodness.
Is a poor substitute for a helping hand.
Never atones for a bad example.
Alone will never save the world.

Roy L. Smith.

A LESSON WELL LEARNED

"When I was a youngster and quarrelled with my brother or playmates, an elderly aunt would put her arm around me toward evening and say, 'Never let the sun go down upon your wrath,' dearie. Standing where we could watch the fast setting sun, with her sweet old eyes smiling down at me, something cold and hard inside would melt and I'd race off to 'make up.' To this hour any shadow of misunderstanding or hurt must be cleared up before sunset bleaks out the day forever."—Corinne Updegraff Wells in The Reader's Digest.

THE CONTRAST

BY ALBERT E. ELLIOTT, SASKATOON

I WALKED beside the river—
(A place I often go),
The silent, winding river
In ever ceaseless flow.
On far side was a brewery
That turned grain into rum;
On this side was a flour-mill,
That people got food from.
To me a striking contrast
Between the two was seen—
The brewery and the flour-mill,
While the river flowed between.

I gazed upon the brewery
Converting grain to booze,
While the children all around me
Were needing food and shoes.
If all the money wasted
Thus every day and year
Could just be used for bringing
The needed things to cheer,
Oh, what a welcome difference!
'Mongst people would be seen!
But the busy wheels kept turning
While the river flowed between.

Truly, we have much to learn—myself as well as you."

He came near and laid a hand on Aaron's shoulder in a brotherly gesture that emphasized the fact that they were quite alone.

"When Jehovah first answered our cry as we suffered under the hand of Pharaoh and his people we were a body of slaves and children. Utterly helpless were we then and because of our helplessness Jehovah heard our cry. The child is always protected by the stronger, is it not so? Therefore He worked wonders and miracles for us before the face of Pharaoh and the people of the land wherein we dwelt. But now . . . come!"

He led Aaron to the tent door and flung the curtain wide. Below them lay the Vale of Rephidim with row upon row of tents of the Children of Israel. Outside the camp Joshua could be seen reviewing, choosing, rejecting . . . preparing for the task of the morrow. A subdued murmur, like that of angry bees, came to the ears of Aaron and with it the low wailing of women.

No Longer Slaves

Moses gestured toward the camp. "Now we have become men. Now we are no longer slaves but men fit to fight for our God. Why should it be thought more to His glory to fight our battles and slay our enemies for us than that we should raise our swords to defend His cause? Are we to always sit down and cry for Him to help us? No, we must play the part of men—chosen men—the followers of Jehovah. You must tell them what it means, my brother. There will be many who will still long to be slaves. That is your task."

While he was speaking the desert night had come down upon them, sudden as the closing of a door. Fires showed in the tents of the Children of Israel. On a distant rim could be seen the camp-fires of the

I've listened to the story
Of many a blighted home;
I've seen the unfold misery
Of children left to roam;
I've seen the kindest parents
Become the brewers' slaves—
Their very souls and bodies!
And go to early graves.
Yet, on this side, the flour-mill
Kept busy grinding grain
To feed the hungry people—
While the river flowed between.

I walked beside the river
Again, one eventide;
And I could see no brewery
There on the other side;
But school-yards full of children
As happy as could be,
And all the people living
In perfect harmony.
The flour-mill—just the flour-mill
Alone could then be seen;
And little boats were sailing
Where the river flowed between.

THE GREATEST PERIL

What The Army Founder Said

YEARS ago a group of newspaper reporters approached The Army Founder and inquired what in his opinion was the greatest peril of the immediate future. The old General answered like a flash, "The world's immediate and greatest peril is that the Church will offer the world a philosophy of Christianity that provides forgiveness without regeneration, Christianity without Christ, religion without the Holy Spirit, Heaven without hell."

Amalekites — strange sight in a hitherto lonely desert. Behind it all loomed the dark shape of the highest hill and seeing it Moses thought of the morrow.

"Leave me. Leave me," he pleaded and his voice was tired. "The night is yet ahead of me and tomorrow . . . to-morrow I shall be used of God."

So Joshua did as Moses had said to him, and fought with Amalek and Moses, Aaron, and Hur went up to the top of the hill.

The Lifted Hands

And it came to pass, when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed; and when he let down his hand, Amalek prevailed.

But Moses' hands were heavy, and they took a stone, and put it under him, and he sat thereon; and Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands, the one on the one side and the other on the other side; and his hands were steady until the going down of the sun.

And Joshua discomfited Amalek and his people with the edge of the sword.

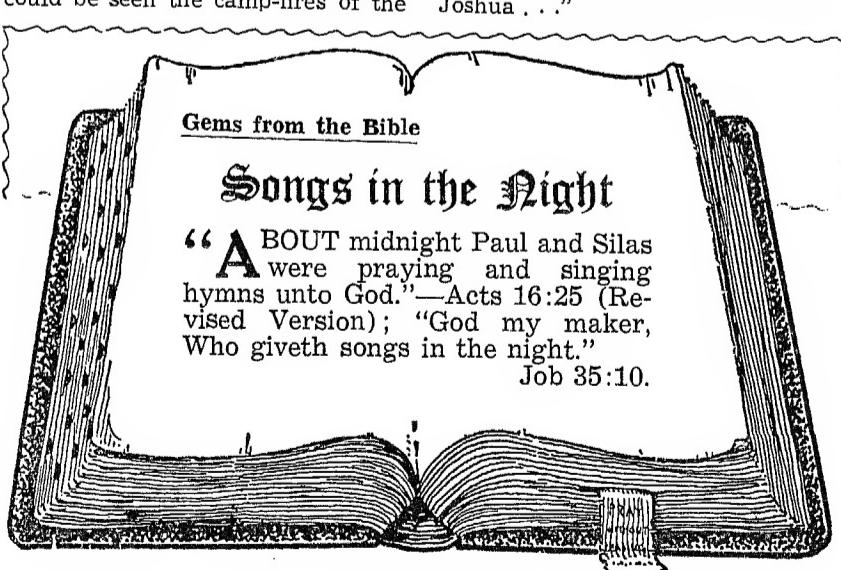
And the LORD said unto Moses, "Write this for a memorial in a book, and rehearse it in the ears of Joshua . . ."

Gems from the Bible

Songs in the Night

"ABOUT midnight Paul and Silas were praying and singing hymns unto God."—Acts 16:25 (Revised Version); "God my maker, Who giveth songs in the night."

Job 35:10.



T ♦ H ♦ E

Magazine

:: ITEMS OF INTEREST IN ::

MECHANICAL JANITOR

Photo-electric Cell Switches Off the Lights

A MERCHANT who wishes to leave the all-night lights on in his establishment yet does not want to go to the expense of hiring a night-watchman to turn the lights off when an air-raid warning sounds, can solve his problem by making use of a photo-electric cell or "electric eye."

Such a cell, mounted in one of the windows of the building and focused on a street lamp outside, can be adjusted so as to turn off the lights in the building the instant the street light goes out. Moreover, when the alert is over and the city turns its street lights on again, the electric eye will dutifully turn on the all-night lights in the building again.

The action of the cell is entirely automatic and does not require any human supervision once it is installed.

WARTIME JOURNALS

DURING the first World War scores of Army journals slipped off mimeograph machines or the presses of print shops near the camps and cantonments throughout the United States. And in Paris, the famous "Stars and Stripes," official publication of the A.E.F., enjoyed more than a half-million circulation each week.

In ever-increasing numbers Army papers are appearing during this war. New Zealand soldiers in the Middle East have their own journal called the "N.Z.E.F. Times."

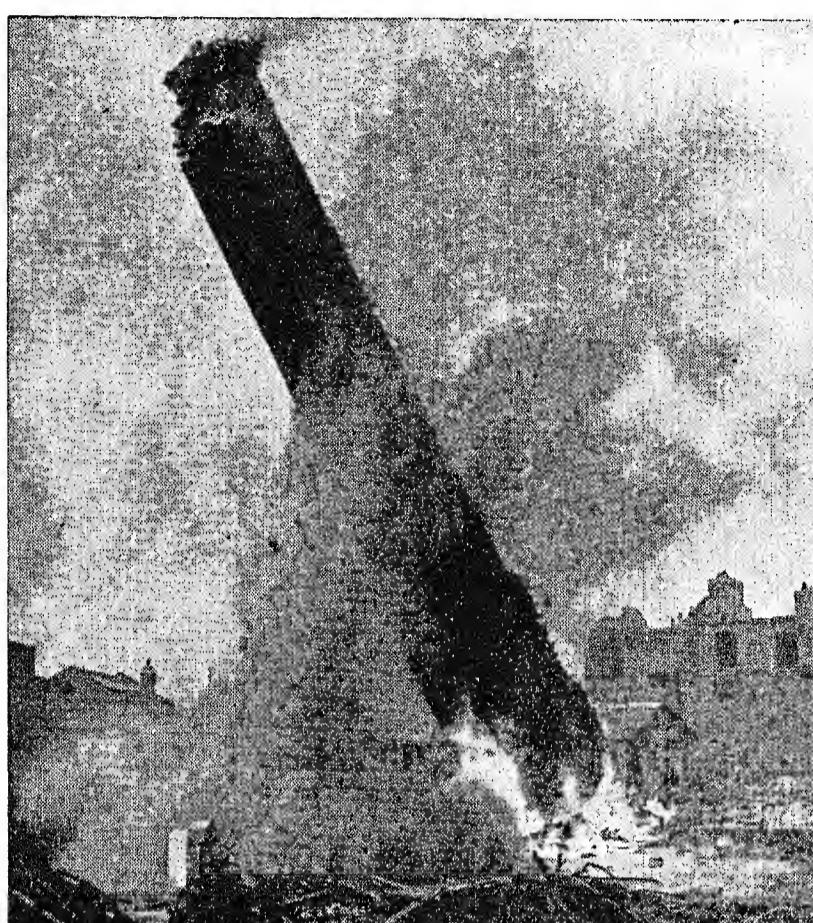
In Iceland, the American forces are editing "The Bugle."

In the Canal Zone, soldiers in dense jungle positions peruse the "Panama Coast Artillery News" regularly.

The soldier-run newspapers' staffs, well sprinkled with seasoned journalists caught in the draft, are headed by the senior public-relations or morale officers of the individual camp.

As a morale builder . . . the fourth estate's offering to the Army is rated high!

The Canadian forces have a number of excellent, published papers in circulation.



DOWN IT GOES.—The work of Old Land demolition squads abounds with thrills and hazards. Here is seen a giant chimney, damaged beyond repair and menacing public safety, as it crashes to the ground, the work of these skilful and daring workmen

HOW SALMON ARE CANNED

Automatically Cleaned, Packed and Cooked by Machine

ON arrival at the cannery the salmon are unloaded from the fishing craft or tender to a mechanical elevator which discharges them into bins located in the cannery, the different species being kept separate throughout. From these bins travel to an ingenious machine called the "iron chink," because it has replaced the Chinese labor that used to be employed. The machine is almost human in its performance and to watch its operation is a fascinating experience. The whole salmon is fed into the iron chink just as the fish comes out of the water and when the fish leaves the machine it is thoroughly cleaned. The head, tail and fins have been removed; the cleansing process is completed in one operation at the rate of over sixty fish a minute.

To make sure that the work of dressing the fish has been properly performed by the iron chink, each salmon as it comes from the machine is inspected so that any defect may be remedied. The fish is then conveyed to a machine known as the "gang knife" and passing through the blades of this apparatus the salmon is cut crosswise into pieces, the proper length to fill the size of the can required.

The cut pieces are then transported to a hopper above the machines which fill the cans, fed to them from the floor above. They are entirely automatic and place the proper amount of cut salmon in each can at the rate of about seventy-five cans per minute. A belt

conveyor rushes the cans along to weighing scales which automatically turn aside any that are under weight.

While most of the salmon canned in British Columbia is filled by machines there is a large part of the sockeye pack, favored in the export markets, still filled by hand. Machine-filling makes an excellent job, but cans filled by hand have a slightly better appearance when opened, even though quality and quantity of the fish entering the can are similar in each case.

The vacuum closing machine is a complicated device which hermetically seals the cans in the final stage of packing. As a safety measure guarding against the sealing of cans without a vacuum the machine is so designed that should anything happen whereby the vacuum in the sealing chamber falls below a certain point, the whole apparatus automatically stops and cannot be started again until the fault is corrected.

Then comes the cooking process in which the cans are subject to live steam turned into a retort until it reaches a pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch. At this pressure the temperature is about 249 degrees Fahrenheit. Pressure and temperature are maintained constant for ninety minutes while a truck carrying its load of cans is held in the retort. The cooking over, the cans are complete except for the label. This is applied, and the delicious food pack is ready for shipment.

Section

:: PICTURE AND PARAGRAPH ::

RAILROAD ECONOMY

Famous Builder and the Lowly Track Bolt

ONE day E. H. Harriman, the railroad builder, was walking along on one of his tracks with an assistant. He noticed a track bolt and asked his companion why so much of the bolt should protrude beyond the nut. He received the reply, "It is the size generally used."

"Why should we use a bolt of such a length that a part of it is useless?" he asked.

"Well, when you come right down to it, there is no reason."

The two strolled along and Harriman asked how many track bolts there were to a mile of track, and was told.

Thereupon he remarked, "Well, in the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific we have about eighteen thousand miles of track and there must be some fifty million track bolts in our system. If you can cut an ounce from every bolt, you will have fifty million ounces of iron, and that is something worthwhile. Change your bolt standard."

SPIDER VS. SNAIL

A FRENCH naturalist discovered a strange state of war in Switzerland.

In a district thickly populated with spiders and snails he found that sometimes both creatures seek a home on the same plant.

When the spider has spun his web among the leaves along lumbers the snail and breaks the delicate threads. War thus being declared, the spider takes up the challenge by descending on his enemy and spinning a mesh of threads round him.

No blood is shed, no lives are lost; but the spider nearly always wins in these encounters, for the snail finds the tangled gossamer so uncomfortable that he moves away.

IMPROVED MAPLE SUGAR

THE oldest sweetening material on this continent is being affected by the urge for improvement, and the old maple sugar bricks, which were just a little too hard and apt to become mottled in appearance, are to give place to bricks which are not hard and do not become mottled, while, if desired, the sugar may be had as fine as cane sugar, and as white as the finest granulated.

There is also a maple icing sugar, which is kept in sealed containers for use as icing. And, instead of the farmer filling his gallon cans by hand, the new process fills and seals the cans by the dozen, while the farmer simply watches the process.

DID YOU KNOW?

The letters "Ltd." following the name of a British company stand for the word "Limited," which is short for the phrase "Limited liability company." Limited liability means that the company members individually are legally responsible for the debts of the company only to a limited extent, commonly the amount of company stocks or shares that each holds.

* * *

The celery, which is a native of Great Britain and in the wild state is coarse, rank, and inedible, has been known to grow to considerable size. In at least one instance, a stalk of celery is known to have measured about ten feet six inches in height and to have weighed nine full pounds. Surprisingly enough, this giant stalk was not of coarse texture but crisp and of excellent flavor.

INSPIRING WEEKLY MESSAGE BY THE ARMY'S INTERNATIONAL LEADER



Given With Fish and Chips

I DO love original people, who, when the time-honored way of doing things is ineffective, find a better! One of this select company has begun to wrap up fish and chips in the few copies of The War Cry that go her way. She is stationed at a Naval Home, where she has long known that men always study the paper in which their supper is carried.

So every week a small number of copies is set aside for supper distribution to careful readers. No doubt they would buy a copy if it were offered to them in the ordinary way. Whether they would read it is a doubtful question. But, given in with the fish and chips, it is carefully perused as the luscious variation to ship's diet is enjoyed.

That is what I call adaptation to circumstance, a happy interpretation of Paul's "all things to all men."

The other day one of these fish-and-chip copies was offered to a girl newly-employed at the Naval Home. She was delighted to see it. Asked if she knew The War Cry, she explained that when bombed out of her home she "woke up with a window frame around her neck" and was taken to a neighbor who said: "Look at this while you drink something hot and I'll get you somewhere to sleep." "This" was a copy of The War Cry.

"I saw some little bits that would do for my Sunday-school class," continued the girl, "so I asked the neighbor if she had any more copies. She gave me twelve. When I had used the little bits I sent the papers to my boy in Iceland. He was on a gun site in a cold and lonely position. The men there were miserable on Sundays. There was nowhere to go, nothing to do, nothing to look at but the gun."

"Somebody said, 'Let's have a service!' But they had nothing to read for a service and not one of them could preach.

"When my bundle of War Crys arrived they said, 'These will do for Sundays.'"

"So every man picked out a portion from the pages and they read aloud one after another. Then they sang a hymn they all knew and so made their own Sunday. The twelve copies of The War Cry lasted them twelve weeks. Then they passed them on to the next gun site and wrote home for more."

A REALM OF UNSUSPECTED VALUES

THE story so far moves me deeply. But the last sentence in the girl's conversation strikes another note. "I hadn't got any more," she said, "and I did not know where to get them."

If only a War Cry seller had gone down her street those lads away on their lonely gun post would have gone on with their services, made for themselves by the aid of those who toil each week to produce our paper.

"I can see those twelve tattered papers going round Iceland," writes the Officer who has found the fish-and-chip way, "each column sucked and squeezed for a prayer or a reading, and I pray that the Holy Spirit will guide those responsible for producing its war-battered form."

We all need reminding that we move in a realm of unsuspected values. The compositor wrestling with weird handwritings, the reader striving to get all things right, the machine minder anxiously watching the spinning reel of wartime paper which tears at a touch—they are all in it, as much as the distributors taking these papers to the people's doors.

So we are bound together, serving the immortal souls of men in their great need, often starting an angelic wing by the touch of the hand, if we but knew it.

If we can keep this in remembrance, we shall not need to pray for strength to endure, but for wisdom to grasp our abounding opportunities.

CAMPAIGNING IN THE WELSH VALLEYS

[By Cable]

ONE hundred and twenty-six seekers were registered in the Campaign conducted by General and Mrs. Carpenter in the Welsh valleys, once the scene of economic distress, but now the centre of a tremendous industry. "Days with God," Officers' Councils, visits to retired veterans, and inspection of Social Centres packed nine days of the General's summer program with activity.

Beach meetings at seaside resorts affected by bombing raids have blessed thousands seeking brief respite from war responsibilities.

One of a numerous series of Young People's Councils was led by the Chief of the Staff (Commissioner A. G. Cunningham) at Birmingham. Overseas representatives made powerful appeals and the fifty seekers registered included volunteers for Officership.

Service for the Services continues with increasing success. Middle East communiques speak of the splendid work of Mobile Canteens and Red Shield Clubs in the Western Desert. Canadian Welfare Officers and leading Headquarters Officers joined a distinguished congregation in Westminster Abbey for a recent service commemorating the foundation of Canada.—S. Carvoosso Gauntlett, Colonel.

IN NATURE'S WONDERLAND

Red Shield Hostel Opened at Banff, Alberta

AN ideal day marked the opening of The Army's Red Shield Hut for Servicemen at the well-known summer resort of Banff Springs, Alberta, enabling a large crowd of citizens and visitors to enjoy the ceremony on the lawn, while those taking part did so from the steps of the building.

The Divisional Commander, Brigadier Ludwig Ursaki, in presiding at the gathering, opened the proceedings by inviting the company to sing "O Canada," followed by "Onward Christian Soldiers." Canon H. Tully Montgomery petitioned God's blessing on the new venture and Adjutant Chas. Watt, in charge of the Red Shield work, read an appropriate passage of Scripture.

"Second Mile" Service

The chairman, Major P. J. Jennings, O.B.E., J.P., was presented by Brigadier Ursaki, and his apt remarks were an inspiration for all to go the "second mile" in service.

Group-Captain A. L. James ably representing Air Commodore G. R. Howsam, M.B., after a delightful address, declared the Hut officially open. Said the Captain:

"Periods of recreation are provided in the daily routine of servicemen, but most of this is taken at the unit or centre, and therefore the men are not wholly divorced from the atmosphere in which they work. In this connection, the Auxiliary Services, of which The Salvation Army forms a part, have given and are continuing to give magnificent contributions by provision of recreational facilities at training centres.

"It is important that when the men do obtain leave, that there should be some place to which they can go to find complete relaxation without any reminder of the duties with which they are faced day after day. An ideal place for this is here at Banff. Here in the solitude of the Rocky Mountains there is peace—a peace and quiet that permits those who come here to relax completely, both in mind and body, and return fortified to their various tasks.

"In Nature's Wonderland—here at Banff—there is that necessary change



Major P. J. Jennings, O.B.E., J.P., who presided at the official opening ceremony

of atmosphere and all types of recreational facilities; moreover, it is within reasonable travelling distance of stations and training centres in Alberta. Men of the armed forces have come here in great numbers in the past and will continue to do so in the future. The one great drawback was the cost of accommodation during the summer season, and we are grateful to The Salvation Army for providing a Hostel where men may obtain accommodation at low cost. The friendly welcome which men will receive and that personal interest which you take in them will go far to making up to the men much of what they have left behind in their own homes."

Major Stanley Wood, in the absence of Brigadier F. M. W. Harvey, V.C., M.C., tendered warm greetings on behalf of the military forces. Two well-rendered solos were contributed by Mr. L. Pelluet and a piano-accordion solo was played by Miss Muriel Chamberlain. Adjutant Watt attended to the courtesies and introduced Mrs. S. Gillespie, Matron of the Hostel, and Mrs. J. R. Robinson, newly-appointed president of the local Red Shield Women's Auxiliary.

Escorted by the C.W.V.R.

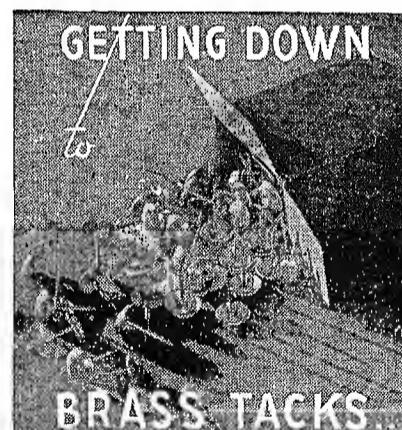
Following the ceremony, the guests were shown through the building by members of the C.W.V.R. unit of Calgary, under the direction of Madam N. E. MacMurray, Officer Commanding. Refreshments were served by the R.S.W.A., supervised by Mrs. H. T. Montgomery.

"MUST THESE THINGS PERISH?"

THE first united Home League Quarterly meeting was recently held at the Adelaide Street Citadel, St. John's, Nfld. Brigadier J. Acton conducted the opening exercises, after which prayer was offered by Home League Secretary Sister Mrs. Bailey, of the Temple League. The Scripture portion was read by Secretary Sister Mrs. Osmond, of Adelaide Street Corps. The Divisional Commander presented Major C. Peach, who presided for the evening. Suitable and interesting items were presented by members of the Home Leagues and their families.

The Divisional Home League Secretary read an encouraging report about the work being accomplished throughout the Division. She also explained the aims of the Home League, and announced that a prize would be given, by the Division, to the Home League making the largest increase in new membership and attendances.

The closing item, presented by the Temple comrades, and entitled "Must These Things Perish?" led to an invitation to reconsecration,



Pointed Paragraphs on Timely Topics

The wiser you grow the less you talk and the more you say. *

The devil may also be attacked on two fronts—the entrenched evil of one's own sins, and the sins that would destroy others.

He best serves the State who raises, not the roofs of its houses, but the souls of its citizens. —Epictetus.

To rise on the wings of faith, take off against the wind.—Hugh Redwood.

Let us have as many days of prayer as possible, but, above all, let us work with God for the answering of our prayers.

UNDER INDIA'S SKIES

Missionary Officer, at Journey's End, Describes
First Experiences in New and
Needy Sphere of Labor

Canada's first missionary gift was made to The Salvation Army's oldest Missionary Field, India. That was exactly sixty years ago. The Dominion's most recent gift was made a few months ago, also to India, when Captain Hazel Milley, an efficient member of Winnipeg Grace Hospital staff, set out on her journey to her distant destination.

Coincident with the reaching of Pearl Harbor in the Hawaiian Islands, the Pacific War broke out and the vessel in which the Captain travelled narrowly missed a hail of bombs. The Dutch East Indies were occupied shortly after her boat left Java and Ceylon was under attack about the time Colombo was reached. India, however, was made eventually in safety, and the Captain is now engaged in hospital work in the Madras and Telugu Territory.

The following delightfully-written letter, addressed to Brigadier P. Payton, Superintendent of Winnipeg Grace Hospital, will therefore be read with more than ordinary pleasure by readers of The War Cry.



THIS is my first Sunday in India, and how very different from my last Sunday in Winnipeg! First, I will try to give a picture of my surroundings. The hospital to which I have been appointed is situated in the country among the villages, in a pretty spot with beautiful trees lining the roadways. Adjoining the building is an orange and lime grove. The

wide strong tape is interlaced on top of which a straw mat is placed; and then a sheet which ties at the four corners to the bedposts. A blanket is provided, if needed, of a dark grey cotton mixture. Not much trouble to make a bed here, no worry about getting corners straight. The patients wear their own clothing, the women the sari and the men their dhotie. If the patient has fever, a flannel hospital jacket is worn. The dobie, that is the laundryman, comes once a week with clean linen and collects the soiled. These men wash clothes in the stream or river and beat them clean on the stones; then boil them. Rather hard on the life of the linen!

Many of the natives who come for admission are thin and under-



HOUSE OF HEALING.—A typical Salvation Army Hospital in rural India

hospital clearing has not many trees yet, as it has only been opened about five years.

The hospital itself is a one-storey cement building, dark cream in color, with a verandah running the entire length. The windows have no glass in them, merely bars—so that ventilation is not one of our problems. The windows have solid wooden shutters though, which may be used in case of necessity. The building is equipped with a General Electric shock-proof X-ray, a Diathermy Machine, a small laboratory, an operating room, and a small sterilizing room. We have our own power generator for electricity. The lights go on at dark and are turned off at 10 p.m., so that is a good incentive for going to bed early. Not since my training days have I turned in so early!

Sari and Dhotie

The patients have beds very different from ours. The bedstead is the same but instead of springs,

nourished and suffer from vitamin-deficiency. A mother brought in her child the other week, nearly two years old—and its weight was less than ten pounds! The people on the

They Elected To Stay

Canadian Officers in Dutch East Indies Aid the Wounded and Suffering

FEW tidings have been received of The Army's Missionary Officers, laboring in the Dutch East Indies, shortly before or after occupation by the Japanese. Sister Mrs. Mepham, of Vancouver, writes to say that Major and Mrs. W. W. Mepham, Canadian Missionary Officers, had been doing considerable hospital work prior to the occupation and that probably they were still so engaged.

The British Consul had informed the Officers that should they desire to evacuate, the opportunity should



whole are very grateful, especially the poorer village people; they bring their little tokens of thanks in the way of fruit and are very respectful.

We are really out in Indian life here. Our nearest neighbors are about twelve miles away at a place called Bapatla where The Army's Training College, a Boys' Boarding School and a Leper Colony are situated. Brigadier and Mrs. Stevens are in charge of the Training College. The other places are officered by native comrades.

Two weeks ago Dr. Round (Medical Officer in charge) went on her furlough, but fortunately some of the staff can speak English to a certain extent. Last weekend Mrs. Brigadier Stevens stayed with me and on the Monday I went to Bapatla for the Commissioning of Cadets. The Territorial Commander, Lieut.-Colonel E. Walker, and the National Auditor, Brigadier Mitchell, have paid us a visit. The days slip by very quickly and it is not hard to keep busy; it's a good antidote for loneliness!

Plenty of Fruit

I live in a bungalow by myself, so I have plenty of elbow room. The place is quite picturesque and has some beautiful flowering shrubs and creepers around it. I have to send to Madras for my supplies, and green vegetables I get from farther south, in Bangalore. I do not get meat here, only chicken and fish and rice and curry occasionally. Before the doctor went away we were invited out to two native meals—rice and curry on banana leaves. Usually you sit on the floor to eat. There are plenty of oranges and bananas and for one anna you may get about a dozen bananas, called plantains. There are sixteen annas in one rupee and three rupees in a dollar.

I could write a very interesting article, I think, on things that crawl and creep in the night. One would never believe there are so many insects in the world. Small lizards about four or five inches long—they look like baby alligators—live on my walls. I didn't like them at first, but now they are rather like company and they eat the insects, so of course they are my friends! Snakes are sometimes found in our compound, but professional snake-catchers in the village are summoned if a cobra is seen to go into a hole. These men have absolutely no fear of these serpents, although they are deadly poisonous. I saw them charm one snake by stroking it with a stick and waving a cloth in front of it until it became very docile. It was then carried away by the tail. The snake-catcher gets eight annas for every cobra, which is just over fifteen cents in our money. Incidentally, Mrs. Brigadier Stevens told me they caught one at their place a short time ago with two heads, and believe it or not, it had a head at either end—no tail. I don't know how it would decide which way to go!

We have a gramophone and I'm making good use of it for Dr. Round has plenty of Army records. And how I have played them since I have been here! The Indian doctor also has a radio, so I am able to hear the B.B.C. news at 9.30 p.m.

Spared For a Purpose

After my long trip here, I feel quite sure God has spared me for some purpose, and I am sure that I am in His will. Later I hope to be able to send an account of my trip from Java to Colombo. We had to tranship at Java and much baggage was lost. I lost two of my suitcases, one full of clothes and the other of books, including my Song Book—which was a big loss to me. However, I mustn't complain because some of the travellers lost nearly everything. Java, of course, fell shortly after we left it.

I received some Canadian War Crys the other day, and how glad I was to get them. I'm afraid I never read The War Cry so thoroughly in Canada as I do here; it really is worth reading!

I have met Adjutant Isobel McBride (also a Canadian Officer) in Madras, and enjoyed the visit with her. I'll be seeing her once in awhile, as I am not more than two hundred miles from the city.

War is coming very close to India and we are wondering what is going to happen next. I feel, however, that I'm in the place God wants me to be. He'll take care of me and give grace sufficient for every need. It seems to me the only solution for the world's ills is Christ.

R. S. W. A.

Notes by

THE TERRITORIAL SECRETARY
(MRS. COLONEL PEACOCK)

Mrs. General Carpenter sends a copy of a letter received from the recipient of some clothing and bedding from Canada:

"The clothes have been received with thanks and wonderment. Not only have we received plenty for the bed, but other very necessary things. We feel unworthy of such blessings. Although I am over eighty years old this has made me feel younger. I have pleasure in thanking you again for my wife and self."

Mrs. Carpenter's most recent letter says:

"Please accept my deep gratitude and appreciation for this further splendid contribution from the Canadian Territory, and assure all those who have in any way helped to make this possible, of my warm thanks. The way in which the comrades and friends of the Territory have kept up the constant supply of comforts for air-raid sufferers in the Old Land, is truly marvellous. Your gift is all the more welcome as, of course, our supplies from Australia and New Zealand are greatly curtailed, and entirely cut off from Singapore, but the need is still with us. In connection with the recent heavy raids on cathedral cities in the British Isles, S.O.S. calls were instantly answered, and arrangements made for large consignments to be dispatched to the various centres for distribution to the dispossessed people."

A few incidents included in Mrs. Carpenter's letter are as follows:

"In one city, the Slum Secretary found the Officers in their 'Blitzed' building working hard to serve the people. They had managed to clear the Hall and filled it with clothing; 200 families were served during the morning hours. One room downstairs had been made usable, and actually new glass fixed in the window

frames, so that they could feed the people there. They had no gas or water but some coal. The 'British Restaurant' had more food than they required, so passed on the surplus to our Officers and they were able to warm this up for the people. Their own Quarters were badly damaged and they could not sleep there, so at night with the help of the Mobile Canteen they took out all remaining food to the people who were sleeping in the fields around. One Officer in this town was in a house with twelve other people; she had gathered them together and they were all sheltering under the stairs when the house completely collapsed. Only the staircase remained standing, and they were able to crawl out unharmed. In telling of the incident, the Officer said how glad she was that God had enabled her to be of assistance to the people in their hour of need."

"At another city a new Slum Post was to be opened in about a month's time in a very poor district; on account of the bombing, immediate action became necessary, and many people were given temporary accommodation at this centre. Hundreds of people have been clothed. An urgent request was received over the phone for women's and children's clothing and shoes, and sacks of these were dispatched immediately."

"Just recently a charming little scene was enacted in our Comforts Department when a lady called to ask for clothing for a dear old soul who had a little stationer's shop quite near to the Training College, and which was destroyed in the last 'blitz.' She brought the dispossessed lady with her, and it was very touching to see the tears run down her cheeks when she had been fixed up with suitable clothing. She said she did not suppose she would ever have another home of her own. How glad I am that through the marvellous flow of comforts that has continued to pour into the Department we have been enabled to assist thousands of such people."

PRIVATE TOMMY GREEN'S SALVATION ARMY GUERNSEY

(Continued from page 3)

This was the way it came about. One of Tommy's officers, looking about for a batman had it suggested to him that "that Salvation Army man would fill the bill." So one day, to his own immense content, he found himself selected for the job of cook-batman. His content proceeded more from his ignorance of his task than from any idea of its opportunities, and that it entailed the loss of his one stripe was no hardship to him.

In every sense of the word he proved himself a Christian endeavorer. It is a surprising thing that in all his bachelordom and employment on prairie farms he had never been called upon to do his own laundering, and as for pressing pants, well, he was as ignorant of rudiments of that as the hart in the wilderness. Cooking! Alas this was entirely beyond him, but he declared his intention of having a try, and went off singing the chorus of "Yield not to temptation."

By dint of much trying and asking instruction, he did arrive at a degree of competence in the pant-pressing duties, and his keenness at tidying-up was a sore trial to his officer, but he could be trusted to the last cent in matters of honesty,

and his superior thought he had discovered a treasure indeed.

There came a time, however, when his officer's duties prevented his attendance at the officers' mess, and he was thrown back on Tommy's ministrations. But here our hero came to his Vimy Ridge. In vain, apparently, were his prayers and his endeavors and whatever else goes to the successful cooking of sausages and such-like dainties. His efforts more often than not resulted in a burnt offering over which he wept and his captain arose in wrath or descended into despair.

How Tommy prayed over those sausages, eggs, and toast! In almost every case his prayers were unanswered, until in sheer despair the officer went to the colonel and asked for a change, leaving a wilted cook-batman behind him. The colonel was a bit of a humorist, and also a notable disciplinarian. "No," he said, "he was your choice and you must make the best of him." In vain the officer pleaded the speedy ruin of his digestive organs; the colonel was as adamant as the boiled eggs served up by Tommy. "Be thankful he doesn't scrounge your razor-blades," he said. That was all the comfort he handed out.

* * *

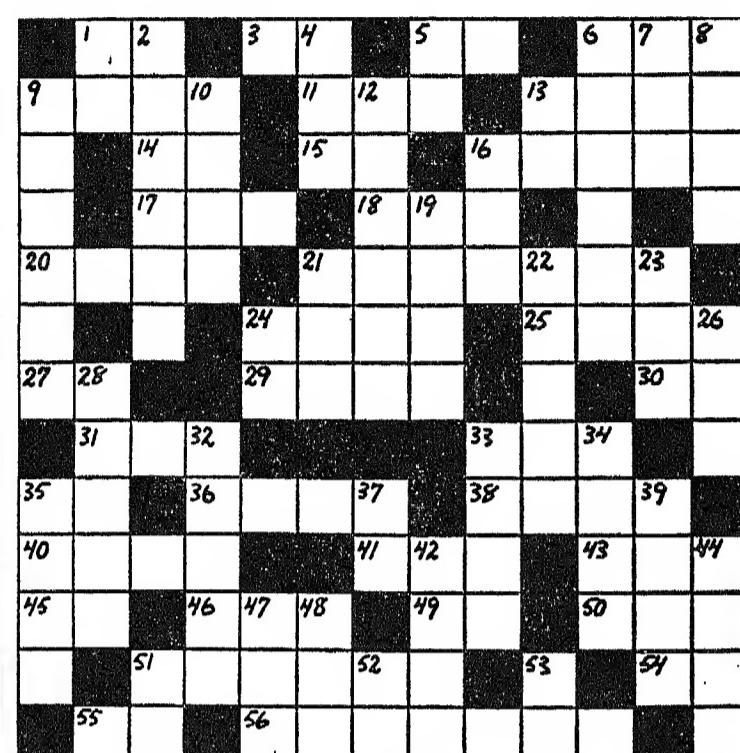
There doesn't seem much connection between pig-swill and holiness, does there? But listen to this part of my story—all vouched for, bear in mind.

One day, all unknowing that his officer was watching, Tommy's duties entailed the wheeling of some pig-swill past a gang of his comrades, and they, knowing Tommy's aptitude for turning the other cheek, determined upon some fun at his expense. They did their best to upset both Tommy's barrow and his temper, but our friend's smile never left his face. They thrust this way and that until at length Tommy set down the barrow and thus addressed the throng:

"You can do what you like, but this swill's going to the pigs, either you or me's going to take it there,

Bible Crossword Puzzles

The Teachings of Jesus—28



"Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away."—Matt. 5:42.

CHARITY

HORIZONTAL

- 1 Nova Scotia
- 3 "For with the same measure that ye mete unto others, it shall be measured to you again" Luke 6:38
- 5 "For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also" Luke 12:34
- 6 Third person singular of have
- 9 "neither . . . corrupteth" Luke 12:33
- 11 "when he saw Jesus afar, he ran and worshipped him" Mark 5:6
- 13 "when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth" Matt. 6:3
- 14 Lava (Hawaiian)
- 15 "... and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor" Matt. 19:21
- 16 "and fine linen, and coral, and . . ." Ezek. 27:16
- 17 Vine
- 18 Lieutenants
- 20 "this poor widow hath cast in more than they all" Luke 21:3
- 21 "And thou shalt be . . . ; for they cannot recompense thee" Luke 14:14
- 24 "and distribute unto thee . . ." Luke 18:22
- 25 "that thou shouldest be for salvation unto the . . . of the earth" Acts 13:47
- 27 District of Columbia
- 29 "pressed . . . , and shaken together, and running over" Luke 6:38
- 30 Western Continent
- 31 Royal Irish Academy
- 33 And so forth
- 35 Give . . . every man
- 36 "... , and it shall be given unto you" Luke 6:38
- 38 "Is not the life more . . . meat?" Matt. 6:25
- 40 United States Military Academy
- 42 Beginning of the alphabet
- 43 Member of the Society of Antiquaries (L. Societas Antiquariorum Sciclus)
- 45 Recording Secretary
- 46 Auion
- 49 "... sinful nation" Isa. 1:4
- 50 "... and . . . then about thy neck" Prov. 6:21
- 51 Jeers
- 54 Low Latin
- 55 "do not your alms before men, that they may be seen of them" Matt. 6:1
- 56 "The blind . . . their sight, and the lame walk" Matt. 11:5
- Our text is 3, 5, 20, 21, 35, 36, 38, 55 and 56 combined
- 57 Luke 18:22
- 58 Life Guards
- 59 "meek, and sitting upon an . . ." Matt. 21:5
- 60 Sea bird
- 61 Sound of disapproval
- 62 "That thine aims may be in secret; and thy Father which . . . in secret himself shall reward thee openly" Matt. 6:4
- 63 Doctor of Dental Surgery
- 64 Paid
- 65 "shall . . . all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake" Matt. 5:11
- 66 "take up the . . . and follow me" Mark 10:21
- 67 "of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not . . ." Luke 6:30
- 68 Produce designs on steel, copper, glass, etc.
- 69 "she of her want did in all that she had" Mark 12:44
- 70 "from him that would borrow of thee not thou away" Matt. 5:42
- 71 Each
- 72 "And I will fasten him as a . . . in a sure place" Isa. 22:23
- 73 "And . . . things of the world, and things which are despised" I Cor. 1:28
- 74 "that ye have, and give alms" Luke 12:33
- 75 Over (cont.)
- 76 Born
- 77 "Let your light shine before men" Matt. 5:16
- 78 Roman Catholic
- 79 "Hear me when I call, O God of my righteousness"

and that's that, and God bless you."

With this ultimatum he took up the barrow once more, advanced upon the opposing legion, they falling back and giving him a cheer as if here were a super tank going into battle.

A Real Good Christian

"I'm blowed," said the watching captain, "if that don't beat all, and God bless you, too! He may be a poor cook, but he's a real good Christian, and I'll tell him what I think of him."

* * *

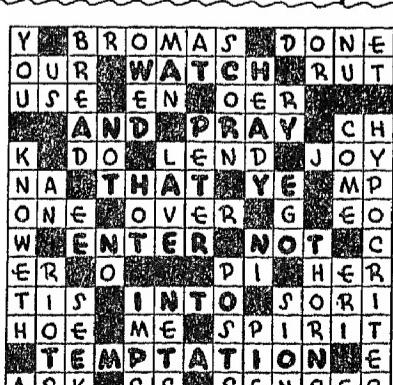
This may be one of the reasons why the said officer does not object to the little open Testament he finds by his bedside every night, and why he occasionally takes up and reads the portion where his cook-batman

has left it open for his convenience.

Has this tale sufficiently interested you to make you ask how it came to me? Not so long ago I heard Tommy in heartfelt conversation with a good friend of mine and yours, and the earnestness of his style demanded a hearing, "Do you think, Brigadier," he was saying, "if I wrote the General would be able to get a new guernsey from 'The Trade' without coupons? This old thing of mine has been giving his testimony for the past two years, and it's about time he was retired."

Reading over what I have written there doesn't seem to be much in the yarn, but I must confess to a strong liking for Tommy Green (and the hundreds of others in the forces who are not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ).

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle



• Practical Helps •

GRAN'S PATCHWORK QUILT

A Story to Read and Re-read to the Children

IT was a lovely day in spring, and, as the bus moved slowly round a sharp bend on a hilly road, Mrs. Kerr said: "It looks just like a patch-work quilt!" Maureen, her small daughter, bobbed up at the window, exclaiming, "I want to see the pats-wort twilt!" Her mother laughed, and explained that the fields of greens and brown made her think of a quilt grannie had, and Maureen could see that for herself when they reached Gran's house, on the top of the dear little bed she was to sleep in.

In the excitement of arrival, this incident was forgotten, but, when bedtime came, Maureen was thrilled to find that the queer coverlet, made with many scraps of brightly-colored materials, was a very wonderful quilt.

Stories and Patches

Her older cousin, Nan, who was to sleep with her, said that Gran could tell lovely stories about some of the pieces and Maureen could scarcely wait to hear them. One piece had been a bit of Mrs. Kerr's frock when she was a little girl, and Gran said, "It always makes me think of one day when your mother was carrying a kitten in her arms, and, seeing an egg in a nest, thought she would bring it into the house. The kitten began to struggle, the egg got broken, and yellow yolk dripped all over black pussy and down this frock. I still laugh when I remember how funny they looked." Maureen loved to listen to these stories, and always demanded a "twilt" story at bedtime. (She could not say "q" very well yet.) When she was tucked into the dear little spool bed, she would ask Nan to point out all the patches they already knew stories about, and then when Gran came in they were both ready for fresh ones.

One day she must have got out on the wrong side of the bed, for she was as cross as could be and everything went wrong. She knocked over a bucket of milk, left the meadow gate open, so that the cows strayed, she quarrelled with Nan, and, finally, refusing to say her prayers, bunched herself under the bedclothes and sulked.

A Made-up One

Gran paid no attention but began a story as usual. This time, however, it was a made-up one, and Maureen could not help hearing as she began:

"It was evening on the earth, and everything was quiet; the flowers folded up their petals and the leaves on the trees murmured as the birds settled in the branches. Little children were tucked into bed, and there was a gentle rustle as their daytime guardian angels spread their wings and glided up to the Celestial City, each one holding a roll carefully as he knelt before the King. When these rolls were opened, a pattern made up of many vivid patches of color could be seen.

"The King, holding up the first roll, said, 'What a lovely day! Tell me about it.' The angel replied, 'Mary was so good to-day; the golden patch came when she looked after baby to let her mother rest; that bright crimson one when she shared her sweets; and the blue spots all over show how often she smiled!'

"The next roll had some lovely

colors, but was spoilt by a big, black blot, and that angel said, 'Tony was very nice until after dinner; then he got cross because it rained, and smacked little Jean for moving his train—but—I think he was sorry afterwards.' When he had finished speaking, the King said, 'Hush!' and the angels kept quite still. A little whisper was carried up by the Night Wind. 'Please, Lord Jesus, I'm sorry I was cross to-day,' and bright jewels sparkled in the King's scarred hand. They were Tony's tears, and with them that gentle hand washed out the ugly blot.

Bowed With Shame

"As the angels were speaking, there was one who stayed at the back as if he did not want to be seen. When he was asked to come forward, his head was bowed with shame, for his roll was covered with ugly marks. His story was about a little girl who had been so cross that a whole day had been spoilt. The King looked sad, and asked, 'Is she sorry?' The angel shook his head, and the King said slowly, 'Then we cannot change it.'

Gran paused, for she had heard a little gulp from the bed and a queer wee voice saying, "Oh, dear, it was me—it was me—what will I do?" Maureen had forgotten it was only a make-believe story, and sobbed bitterly when Gran took her in her arms.

Gran said, "Don't you remember how the King washed Tony's blot out with His scarred hands; let us ask Him to do that with yours, too." So Maureen knelt down and pleaded tearfully, "Please, please, Lord Jesus, do make my pats-wort clean."—World Friends.

WASHING WITHOUT SOAP

THE use of lye in washing clothes is awakening interest now that soap is rationed in England. The clothes are placed in a tub with a tap and covered with a cloth. On top is laid about six inches of clean dry wood ash, and boiling water is poured over it in small quantities and allowed to seep through. The liquid is then drawn off, reheated, and the process repeated at intervals throughout the day. The clothes are then allowed to cool, and next morning are removed from the tub, rubbed through in the liquid in the usual way, and rinsed in cold clear water.



Home Education Important Thing

BY M. LOUISE C. HASTINGS

WHAT is your conception of important things? Perhaps the health, age and environment of each one of us, help to determine how we react toward situations. Let me tell you of one mother's reaction on a certain occasion, with which you may or may not feel in sympathy.

One morning Mrs. Stacy called me on the 'phone. She has an unusually bright, active boy nearly three years of age, and she knows that all of us are interested in whatever he does. She had made a cake and put it into the oven, and then had gone to another part of the house to do some other work. Of course, knowing how active her child was, she should have kept him in sight! While she was away little Jack found a strong cord. That made him think he'd like to swing. So he tied the cord to the oven door and to the knife drawer in the table, and proceeded to swing. When she

Most of us have seen children punished for similar things. We have known mothers who punished in the heat of temper without considering the incident from more than the one angle. We seldom see the funny side of an unhappy situation when the reason for it is a fault of our own.

We often look back at difficulties which, at the time, seemed mountains but were really only "thank-y-e-marms." Hills, whether hills of life or hills on the surface of the earth, are apt to loom up pretty big when we first get a glimpse of them, but when we reach the foot and start climbing they generally prove just moderate inclines, hardly worth bothering about.

Of course we must not allow ourselves to blind our eyes to the need for necessary discipline in the home. Children must be taught firmly and faithfully what is right and what is wrong in a given situation. Nothing is unimportant in the forming of character. Everything counts. We have great need to measure and compare in order to choose the best for our children, but a sense of humor helps over many a hard place, and the mother who has it, has a worthwhile protection against friction and temper and irritability. In some instances, blindness to mistakes is a good thing!

LABOR SAVING

HERE'S a grand idea I saw the other day and one that any husband who is handy at carpentry could make in a few hours on leave. It's a dirty linen container made in sections, four small cupboards either set on top of each other or arranged two by two, and each one has a large letter box slit in the door for "posting" the linen. One is for bed linen, one for kitchen linen, the third for table linen and the fourth for personal linen. It saves an enormous amount of time on laundry day, because the linen is practically sorted for you already, and the sheets and tablecloths can be popped into the boiler while you sort out the personal linen into groups.

PERTINENT PARAGRAPHS FROM MANY PLACES

THE wife of a retired Colonel in the United States has sent to the Overseas Comforts Department the bonnet in which she was married, forty years ago, in response to the appeal for Army uniform for bombed-out Salvationists. The bonnet is in excellent condition. Much more uniform is needed.

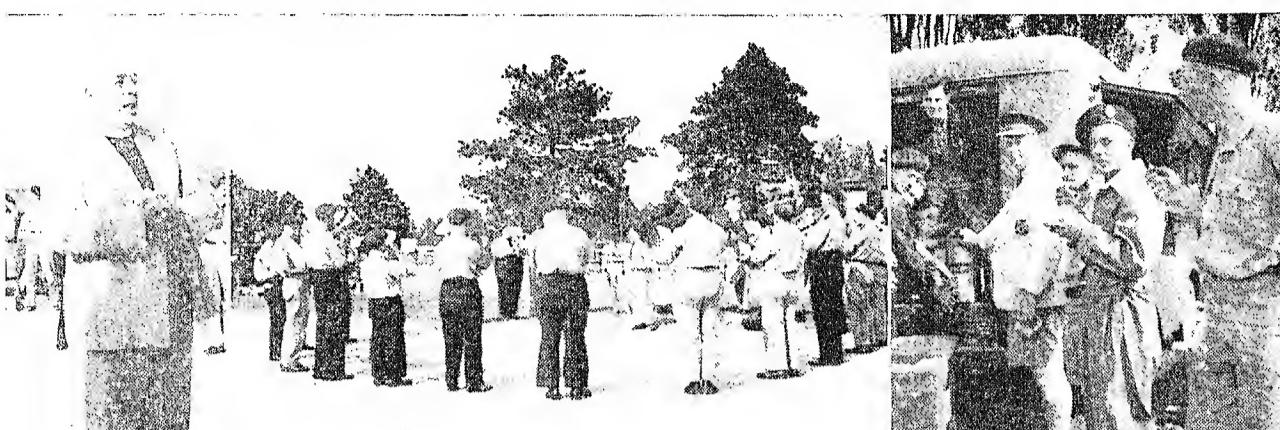
Garments are going from Generosity Warehouse to prisoners of war in Germany.

One particularly "cute" bedspread from Australia, bearing nursery rhyme pictures worked by school children, has gone to a children's home, where it rests on the bed of the good conduct winner.

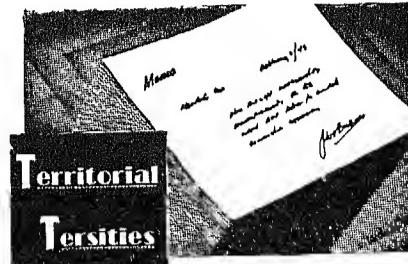
Should women rule? They seem to in Taopi, Minnesota, U.S.A. The mayor, town clerk, treasurer, assessment officer are women.

Who is the world's most travelled woman? Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. United States President's wife estimates she has travelled 80,000 miles by train, ship, plane, pack-horse.

Of Interest
To Women



AT CAMP BORDEN.—Lieut.-Colonel, the Rev. Sidney Lambert, is shown addressing an outdoor service, during which the Salvationist Ex-Servicemen's Band of Toronto provided the music. Supervisor W. Eadie, in charge of the Red Shield Centre, supplied the men with refreshments (right).



Colonel George Fuller, a member and leader of the International Staff Band for fifty years shortly is to retire from the Bandmastership of this efficient aggregation. The Colonel, who followed Commissioner G. Mitchell as leader of the Band, will be succeeded by Major Eric Ball, whose visit to Canada is well remembered.

* * *

Mrs. Major Wm. Squarebriggs (R), Toronto, celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of her commissioning as an Army Officer on August 2. A native of Shipley, Yorkshire, as Lieutenant Martha Booth, this veteran comrade, after leaving the London Training Garrison, received her first appointment for Honiton, Devon. Later with her husband, she saw service in the United States.

* * *

A Canadian Missionary Officer, Adjutant Isobel McBride, of Headquarters Staff, Madras, India, has been made a District Officer.

CAMP ACTIVITIES

THE Fresh-Air Camp at Jackson's Point has become a veritable hive of industry and activity

Official Gazette

PROMOTIONS—

To be Captain:
Lieutenant Lena Highmore.

To be Lieutenant:
Pro-Lieutenants Gladys Dods and Ethel Kollin.

APPOINTMENTS—

Major and Mrs. George Earle to Oshawa.
Major and Mrs. Fergus Watkin to Danforth, Toronto.
Major and Mrs. John Wood to Toronto Temple.
Adjutant Kathleen Farmer to Dundas.
Lieutenant Mirlam Hoggard to Thorold.
Lieutenant Pearl Moulton to Hamilton III.
Lieutenant Andrew Rice to Palmerston.
Pro-Lieutenant Audrey Fisher to Thorold.
Pro-Lieutenant Violet Larder to Dundas.
Pro-Lieutenant Allwyn Thomas to Wingham.

ADMITTED TO THE LONG SERVICE ORDER—

Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel William Dray.
Mrs. Major Sidney Boulton.
Major Alice Brett.
Major Alice Dicks.
Mrs. Major James Drummond.
Mrs. Major William Philp.
Mrs. Major Cornelius Warrander.
Mrs. Major Fergus Watkin.
Major Myrtle Tucker.
Mrs. Adjutant Everett Pearo.

BENJAMIN ORAMES,
Commissioner.

HERE AND THERE

IN THE ARMY WORLD

COLORFUL COMMISSIONING

ONE of the most interesting events recently in the Central United States Territory was when the Orchestra Hall, Chicago, was packed to the doors for the Commissioning of the "Steadfast" Session over which the Territorial Commander, Lt.-Commissioner John J. Allen, presided. The Territorial Staff Band played suitable music. Before the actual commissioning

here?" Overnight care, as well as meals, were provided in the Hall for a number of individuals.

* * *

ON HILLY ST. HELENA

SALVATIONISTS laboring at St. Helena, scene of Napoleon's exile, are keeping busy in these war days. The three Army centres there report forty meetings, classes and parades per week. Local Officers toil on, Life-Saving sections are



HOSPITAL AND INSTITUTION VISITORS.—Halifax, N.S., League of Mercy members taken on the occasion of the recent visit of Mrs. Colonel Tyndall, Territorial League of Mercy Secretary

COMING EVENTS

COMMISSIONER B. ORAMES

WASAGA BEACH: Sun Aug 9 (Community Church Service)

LIEUT.-COLONEL F. C. HAM
Toronto: Sun Aug 16 (C.B.C. broadcast, 2.30 p.m.)

Major S. Gennery: EarisCourt, Sun July 26
Major F. Oxley: Yorkville, Sun July 26

ONE GRAND HYMN

REFERRING to one of Brother Henry Milan's recent "Sermons Without Texts," Colonel A. E. Chesham, Chief Secretary for the Central United States Territory, makes the following comment in the Chicago War Cry:

"I am thrilled when I read the numerous gems of thought that flow from the pen of this saint of God, whose writings are eagerly devoured by readers of The War Cry. Such a jewel is the following:

"Our Christianity was planned in heaven by an omniscient God."

It will work out to our supreme good and happiness if we will keep it in perfect running order by taking everything to Him in prayer. God created our religion. Let Him take good care of it, and life will be one grand hymn of praise."

STUDIES THROUGH RAIDS

In spite of conditions obtaining in Malta, Major Dewsnap (Naval and Military Home) makes time to study another language and to send in well-prepared lessons regularly to National Headquarters, London, says the British War Cry.

technicolor motion pictures of the activities of the Cadets during their period of training were shown to the portion of the audience which came at an early hour. The Session totals the largest number commissioned for several years.

* * *

CANTEEN THROUGH CORDON

A Salvation Army Canteen went unmolested through police lines to the scene of the recent Pennsylvania floods. Drenched and shivering victims, as well as their rescuers, were provided with hot coffee and refreshment. Frequent trips to isolated areas with the beverage caused one coast guardsman to remark — "What, even

smart and eager. The Band brightens island life. Hundreds gather to listen to the Saturday night open-air meetings in Jamestown market.

The centrally-situated Red Shield Club, opened by the Governor (Major Wm. Bain Gray, C.B.E.), occupies the second floor of the G.P.O. building and commands a magnificent view of Ladder Hill and the sea. An "extra" to the many facilities is the twice-nightly relaying of news bulletins to the public in the street. Home Leaguers staff the Club. Adjutant and Mrs. J. Jansen, who are in charge, visit the ships in port.

as Adjutant and Mrs. W. Ross, who will have the supervision of the camp for the coming summer, and their band of energetic workers have completed the first period, giving 143 boys twelve days of fun at this health-giving, joy-dispensing centre.

At the time of going to press, the second party of underprivileged children are enjoying the improved facilities of the camp.

Succeeding parties of the same numerical strength will follow throughout the summer; the lassies having their turn during the month of August.

Two graduate nurses will take care of the health of this large family, and Pro-Lieutenant A. Sims will have the supervision of the recreational hours. Camps at other locations throughout the Territory are scheduled to follow similar programs calculated to build healthy bodies and sound minds for citizens of to-morrow.

MUSICAL TREAT

The visit of the Danforth Singers with Mrs. Major Wood to Camp Borden (Supervisor W. A. Eadie), was a musical treat enjoyed by a large number of servicemen. An interesting and appreciated item was a hand-bell quartet. Testimonies from Mrs. Wood, Brother F. Fuller and converted servicemen in the audience contributed to the spiritual helpfulness of the meeting.

The beneficial effects of the Family Prayer Service, which is held every evening in the chapel, is already being felt, and attendances are increasing as greater interest is being shown.

T. M. C.

THIRD ANNUAL TERRITORIAL MUSIC CAMP

JACKSON'S POINT, ONT.

MONDAY, AUGUST 24
to
SUNDAY, AUGUST 30

Bandmaster E. W. Edwards, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M.
of Tottenham Citadel, London, Eng., Guest Bandmaster

SECURE APPLICATION FORMS NOW

Young People's Page

A SECTION FOR 'TEEN AGE READERS

THE MESSAGE OF A PSALM

BY asking God to teach him to number his days so that he might apply his heart unto wisdom, the Psalmist was able to look confidently to God for a happy and victorious life: "O satisfy us with Thy mercy; so shall we rejoice and be glad all the days of our life."

And those who know God more fully in the Lord Jesus are quite unshaken in their confidence that nothing whatsoever "shall separate us from the love of God in Christ; neither tribulation, nor distress, nor persecution, nor famine, nor nakedness, nor peril, nor sword; for in all those things we are more than conquerors through Him who loved us."

POWER WITHIN

IT is recorded in history that when Julius Caesar was still a youth he was captured by pirates and chained to the oars as a galley-slave. While performing these arduous duties Caesar told stories, sang songs and declaimed with endless good humor.

Chains bound Caesar to the oars, but his words bound the pirates to himself. Soon his knowledge of ocean currents, coasts and routes of treasure ships caused him to be unbound and made first mate. He soon won the sailors over, put the captain in irons and ruled the ship like a king. A little later he sailed the

Educational Work In Newfoundland

Growth and Development Shown in Educational Program

SOME idea of the growth and development of The Army's educational work in Newfoundland may be obtained by comparison with its standing in 1903, when the work being done in Salvation Army Schools was officially recognized by the Department of Education, and machinery set up and grants established by the Government of Newfoundland.

BE HONEST!

HONESTY is the rule governing all duties. It is the choice on the right side, it is the proper thing to do in all circumstances.

Some people believe they are honest because they face honestly the important issues of life, such as not getting something for nothing, not evading the law, not taking advantage of a situation; but honesty has as much to do with little things as with big ones.

Foundation for Trustworthiness

It sometimes requires strength of character not to exaggerate (says The Living Message), not to underestimate or deceive or misrepresent, but the reward for this

At that time there were twenty teachers working in eighteen schools with a total attendance of 697 pupils. Up to the year 1909 the supervision of the work was still in the hands of a Department Official, but during that year provision was made for The Army to have its own superintendent. Some increase had been made in the intervening years and by the end of 1909 twenty-nine teachers were working in twenty-four centres and the total enrollment had increased to 1,277. At the present time there are 102 teachers working in eighty-eight centres with an enrolment of 3,500 children. The grades taught in these schools range from the Kindergarten to Grade II.

In order to meet the demand for qualified teachers a number of young Salvationists are selected annually to be trained in St. John's, at the Memorial University College or at The Salvation Army College. The former establishment offers a Normal training course for teachers, and this year there were eight students attending this college; two of whom were studying for University Grade, and three for "A" Grade, while the other three qualified for teacher's first grade.

There were also twelve trainees at The Army's College, under the direction of Adjutant Moulton, who not only gave the class regular academic subjects but also gave special instructions in teacher training. These will now spend six weeks taking an intensive course in teacher training at the Memorial University Summer School, after which they will be receiving appointments and take up their duties in the teaching profession in the beginning of September.

TEN GOOD RULES

CHIANG KAI SHEK, the Christian Generalissimo of China, it is stated, sends a postcard to each of his soldiers with these ten rules:

1. Thou shalt not covet riches.
2. Thou shalt not fear to die.
3. Thou shalt not advertise thyself for vain glory.
4. Thou shalt not be proud.
5. Thou shalt not be lazy.
6. Thou shalt not gamble.
7. Thou shalt not smoke.
8. Thou shalt not drink wine.
9. Thou shalt not borrow money.
10. Thou shalt not lie.

HOW MANY WORDS DO YOU KNOW?

YOU may think that you have a large vocabulary—but wait until someone at the dinner table or Youth Group pulls out a watch and says: "Write down all the words beginning with 'M' that you can in one minute."

You begin rather rapidly—meat, men, mustard, many, more . . . then, after perhaps twenty seconds, you begin to hesitate. Of course, you know there are hundreds of words beginning with "M," but the word that seem to crowd your mind begin with everything but "M!"

Just the same, this is a fine game to play with your friends. Provide each one with a pencil and piece of paper and maybe if you are feeling generously disposed you will allow them two minutes in which to write their list.—Canadian Churchman.



CHINS UP!

SIN'S STEALTH

AREMARKABLE story was recently told in the daily press. On opening the shell of an oyster, a fisherman discovered within it a fish, three and one-half inches long, alive and weakly struggling. The oyster, however, was not to be found. The fisherman was quite convinced that the fish had entered the open shell and had been trapped by its closing. Once inside, it had proceeded to devour the oyster, but, being unable to open the shell, would have died had it not been found by the fisherman.

Certain forms of sin enter the life through the door of a careless will. Once inside, their eviction is most difficult and they speedily make themselves master of the premises, eventually destroying the whole.

A MOST EXCELLENT WAY

THREE is a story told of various tools which set about to cut a piece of iron.

"I will master it," said the axe. His blows fell heavily, but each blow made his edge more blunt, until further striking was useless.

"Leave it to me," said the saw, and with relentless teeth he drew back and forth on the surface but the teeth were only broken.

Then the hammer laughed and said, "I knew you couldn't do it. I will show you the way." But after a few hard strokes its head flew off, while the iron remained unchanged.

"Shall I try?" asked the small flame. All despised the flame, but it curled itself around the iron and did not leave until the iron melted under its irresistible influence. Some persons use the axe of correction and the cutting saw of criticism to conquer the heart as hard as iron, but God's way is more excellent. Love, "which hath a most vehement flame," is the only effective way.

TREASURE HUNTING

SKIPPING from story to story in a book you may miss a lot. Dig back in the pages for some of the nuggets tucked away in corners—or perhaps even a single phrase in an article may enrich your whole life.

FIVE MARYS

THREE were five Marys who were prominent in the church in Jerusalem, and one in Rome (Rom. 16:6). There was the mother of Jesus, and Mary Magdalene, and Mary of Bethany, and Mary the wife of Alphaeus and mother of the apostle James, and Mary the mother of Mark.



Swim time is an "all-in" effort at Salvation Army Fresh-Air Camps throughout the Territory. This item is most popular with boys and girls alike.

ship as a prize into a Roman port. Circumstances make little difference to the man who has power within himself. When that inner power is linked with the power of God, he has nothing to fear in life.

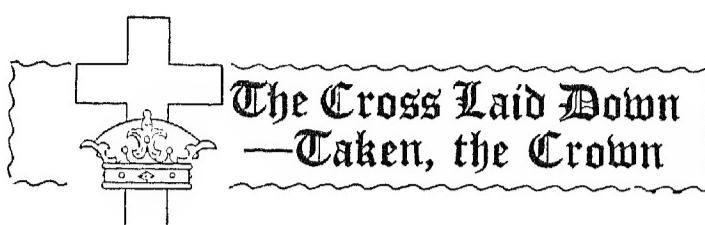
THE word "Algebra" was derived from the title of one of the works of an Arab mathematician, Mohammed ibn Musa al-Khwarizmi who lived in Bagdad in the ninth century. The title of the treatise was "Al-jabr w'almuqabalah" which later was shortened.

straightforward conduct is the solid foundation for trustworthiness.

An honest man feels strong. People cannot make him say "Yes" if he wants to say "No." He is not afraid of telling the truth, because he has experienced that, whatever the appearances, Truth is bound to win. He could not think of deceiving anybody.

Honesty secures peace; it attracts love; it opens the way forward; it unfolds boundless possibilities. It unlocks the gate of trouble and prepares the way to happiness.

July 25, 1942


RETIRED SERGEANT-MAJOR JOBSON
Owen Sound, Ont.

In a room banked with flowers bespeaking the love and esteem of a comrade called to his reward, the funeral service of Retired Corps Sergeant-Major Fred Jobson, Owen Sound, was conducted by Major H. Ashby.

Although not able to be at the "battle's front" for



HIGHER SERVICE

Retired Sergeant-Major F. Jobson, a faithful comrade of Owen Sound Corps, recently promoted to Glory

some time, the Sergeant-Major was always prepared to witness for his Master.

Connected with the Owen Sound Corps since coming to Canada thirty-six years ago, the promoted warrior held many positions in the Corps which had been filled with ability and success. In attendance at the funeral service were members of the staff of the company with which he had been connected for many years,

MISSING FRIENDS

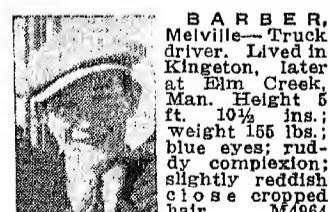
The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and, so far as is possible, assist anyone in difficulty.

One dollar, should where possible, be sent with enquiry to help defray expenses.

Address your communications to the Men's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, in the case of men, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope. In the case of women please notify the Women's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto.

MURRAY, Archibald—55 years of age; black hair; grey eyes; heavy set; 5 ft. 10 ins. in height. Follows construction work and was last heard of from Calgary, Alta. Daughter is anxious for news. M4968

ROLFE, Thomas—Formerly of Starkville, Ont. Age 53 years. Veteran of World War. Supposed to be working in a cane chair factory. Relatives anxious for news. M4966



BARBER,
Melville—Truck
driver. Lived in
Kington, later
at Elm Creek,
Man. Height 5
ft. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins.;
weight 155 lbs;
blue eyes; ruddy
complexion;
slightly reddish
close cropped
hair. M4964

HOLT, Fanny—Age 28 years; 5 ft. in height; dark-brown hair and eyes; weighs 96 pounds. Left home in Cincinnati, U.S.A., last November, has not been heard of since. Mother very anxious for news. 2565

THORNE, Queenie—Tall; fair complexion. Worked as domestic. Whereabouts sought. 2590

WOODBRIDGE or LYTTLETON, Alice Ethel—Is thought to be giving music lessons, or maybe pianist in a small theatre in Toronto. Brother in the United States enquiring. 2547

SERGEANT-MAJOR MULLETT
Wesleyville, Nfld.

On May 28 Sergeant-Major Mullett, of this Corps was promoted to Glory. In the early part of his career he held the commission of Young People's Sergeant-Major, but was commissioned Corps Sergeant-Major fifteen years ago, which duty he has performed faithfully and well. Although not able to attend any services during last winter owing to failing health his interest never lagged and when the summons came he responded cheerfully, assuring those present that he had no fear of death.

The Rev. Mr. Burden conducted the funeral service, assisted by the Home League Secretary, Sister Mrs. D. Sturge, during the absence of the Corps Officers.

This comrade will be greatly missed by the community as well as by the comrades of the Corps because he was respected and loved by all who knew him.

FIVE-DAY CAMPAIGN

A five-day soul-saving campaign has been conducted at Shaunavon, Sask. (Lieutenant W. E. Pamplin, Pro-Lieutenant D. C. Homuth) by Lieutenant Karl Haglund, of Maple Creek. Young people's meetings were well attended and the children sat spellbound listening to the messages made attractive by object-lessons which the Lieutenant gave.

Senior meetings were also well attended, and on Sunday evening two people knelt at the Mercy-Seat. An interesting feature of the campaign was the lantern lecture, "Consider Him"

IN THE SEA-GIRT ISLAND

United Meeting of Four-Point Interest Conducted in Saint John's

nection with the building of the Temple. Other donors included Brigadier E. Fagin, Major R. Sainsbury and Songster M. Benson. The appointments of all farewell Officers in the Division were made known, Major Brown, Divisional Young People's Secretary, also announcing the appointments of farewell teachers.

The climaxing event was the dedication and handing out of appointments to some fourteen student teachers, who had been attending a training course during the past year. The charge to these young people by the Brigadier was challenging and inspirational and this part of the meeting added dignity to the sacred trust accepted by the teachers. The dedicatory prayer was offered by Adjutant A. Moulton and the Benediction pronounced by Adjutant E. Baker.

Visitors in the Prairie Gateway

"Songs at Eventide" Services Draw Crowds

The Corps Officers of Winnipeg Citadel, Man. (Major and Mrs. Fred Merritt), received a hearty

given on Monday night. The presence of God came very near. After the service comrades joined in a hearty song service.

Pro-Lieutenant Homuth offered prayer at the massed church service held in connection with army week.

welcome home from their furlough. While at the Pacific Coast the Major had the pleasurable duty of conducting the marriage of his eldest son.

Coincident with the Major's return was the visit to Winnipeg on furlough of Captain and Mrs. Arnold Brown, of Toronto. The Captain piloted the Sunday night Salvation meeting and very acceptably led the singing at the "Songs at Eventide" service at Wesley Park. He also spoke to the Bandsman during their practice.

The Band is scheduled during July for a program in Assiniboine Park each Sunday afternoon. The first program given on Sunday, July 5, drew a large crowd and among the many visitors attending were Lieutenant A. J. Zealley, R.C.N., and Mrs. Zealley. The Lieutenant was warm in his praise of the many young Salvationist musicians who are doing fine work in the bands at naval centres.

Bandmaster William Merritt, of Dovercourt, was also a welcome visitor at the Citadel.

J.R.W.

PEMBROKE'S ANNIVERSARY

Special meetings marked the fifty-sixth anniversary of The Salvation Army at Pembroke, Ont. (Major and Mrs. Mills). Week-end meetings were conducted by Adjutant W. T. Hawkes, of Ottawa I, assisted by a party of Bandsman who rendered excellent service. Appreciated vocal and instrumental numbers were given during open-air and indoor meetings by the visiting musicians.

Later, an enjoyable program was rendered, a number of friends joining Salvationists to enjoy the music. One secker came forward during the meetings. On Monday afternoon a lawn social was held, a substantial amount being raised.

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TORONTO, ONT.

Appreciation and Goodwill

Crowds Attend Farewell Meetings at Oshawa

After a four-year profitable and interesting sojourn at Oshawa, Ont. (Major and Mrs. Earle) Major and Mrs. Watkin have farewelled. Messages from citizens in all walks of life expressed their appreciation and goodwill to the Major who has given splendid service of helpfulness in Oshawa.

During the week-end of farewell, goodly crowds attended the meetings, and during the day many speakers spoke of blessings received. After the morning and evening meetings, in which inspirational messages were given, a short service of farewell was conducted by Corps Sergeant-Major David Coull, who called on various speakers representing the many Corps activities. Each paid high tribute to the work of Major and Mrs. Watkin and their family in their association with each

IN THE LIFT-LOCKS CITY

Musical Forces Assist at Meetings

The Flag is at the masthead at Peterboro, Ont. (Adjutant and Mrs. N. Buckley). Adjutant E. Burnell, of Toronto is in charge while the Officers are on furlough.

Uplifting and encouraging meetings were conducted last week-end by the Adjutant, assisted by the Local Officers and comrades of the Corps. An inspiring Holiness message was of much blessing.

At night while the Band was playing for a church parade, the Young People's Band, the Singing Company and the Women Songsters brought much blessing to those in the meeting and listeners over the air by their music. Songster Mrs. M. Braund sang a much-loved song.

A forceful Salvation message was given and one seeker came to the Mercy-seat.

Many visitors were present during the week-end, including several former Bandsman, Bandmaster and Mrs. B. French, of Galt; L.A.C. Kenneth Bolam, from Guelph, and Stoker 1st Class, Thomas Panter, from Toronto.



JOIN
THE

Sword and Shield Brigade?

DAILY BIBLE PORTIONS

Sunday, July 26	Luke 12:41-48
Monday, July 27	Luke 12:49-50
Tuesday, July 28	Luke 13:1-9
Wednesday, July 29	Luke 13:10-17
Thursday, July 30	Luke 13:18-30
Friday, July 31	Luke 13:31-35
Saturday, August 1	Proverbs 1:1-9

PRAYER SUBJECT

Soldiers and Adherents

Particulars regarding the Sword and Shield Brigade may be obtained from your Divisional Commander, or direct from Territorial Headquarters, 20 Albert Street, Toronto.

department of the Corps. Assurance of prayers and good wishes for success in their new appointment were voiced.

YOUNG PEOPLE LEAD

Brantford, Ont. (Major and Mrs. G. Mundy). A group of young people led the meetings recently. In the Sunday morning Holiness meeting Acting-Sergeant Edith Holt gave the message and made a stirring appeal for Holiness.

Sergeant - Major Brown was chairman in the afternoon when a number of vocal and musical items were rendered with spirit and skill which reflected careful training. A piano duet entitled "Under Two Flags" and played by Dorothy Amos and Evelyn Noakes, was especially well received. A fine spiritual tone was evident.

The Salvation meeting, led by L.A.C. Art Gross, was a season of rich blessing to all. Soul-stirring songs by the young people, Scripture readings and an earnest and pointed Salvation message by L.A.C. Gross, held the attention of the congregation. During the day the young people attended open-air meetings and sang to the crowds.

UNITED FOR SERVICE

In the tastefully decorated Wychwood Citadel, Toronto, the marriage was solemnized on June 26 of Bandsman George Harney, now with the C.P.C., Canadian Army, and Songster Hazel Ottaway. The ceremony was performed under the Union Jack and The Salvation Army Colors by Captain James Sloan, assisted by Major Albert Green, Corps Officer. Songster Eva Urquhart was at the organ, and during the signing of the register Bandsman Stanley Ottaway, brother of the bride, played a cornet solo.

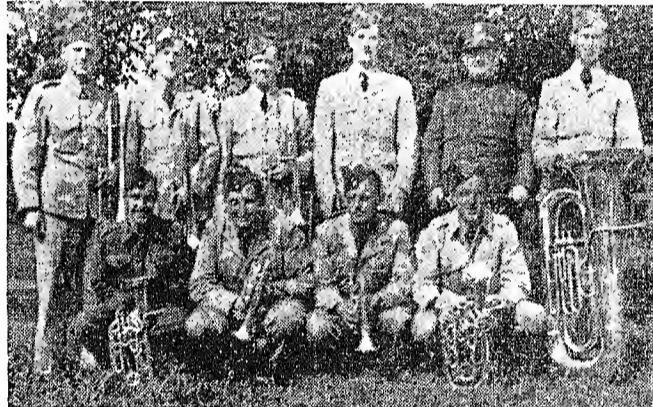
Entering the Hall on the arm of her father, Corps Sergeant-Major V. Ottaway, the bride was attended by Candidate Dorothy Carr, Captain Lillian Harney, sister of the groom, and Elsie Ottaway, the diminutive flower girl. Bandsman Gordon Dean, R.C.A.M.C., supported the groom, and the ushers were Brother Wm. T. Lyons and Songster Leader George Pibworth.

During the reception the many friends and comrades present were blessed when Bandsman and Mrs. Harney testified to the power of God in their lives and pledged their future for His service. Both young people have been active Soldiers at Wychwood and are now appreciated workers in the Corps at Barrie, Ont.

OUR CAMERA CORNER



DIVINE SERVICE PARADE.—Military units in a Northern Ontario town are shown marching to The Army Citadel



SALVATIONIST-SERVICEMEN.—The group here pictured, taken at Kingston, includes Salvationists from Winnipeg, Ottawa, Peterboro, Trenton and Kingston. Captain G. Knox (in background) is in charge of Red Shield activities in the Limestone City

OLD BATTLEGROUND

At Barrie, Ont. (Major Beaumont, Lieutenant Chittenden) during a recent week-end Mrs. Lieut-Colonel Moore (R) conducted Spirit-filled meetings. During the early days of The Army, Mrs. Moore entered the work from the town of Barrie and gave many fruitful years of service as an Officer.

A keen Bible student and fluent speaker, the retired veteran's messages were used to edify and encourage comrades and friends of this historic battleground.

ENJOYABLE GATHERING

Halifax Citadel (Major and Mrs. C. Lynch) comrades were inspired by the visit of Mrs. Colonel Tyndall, Territorial League of Mercy Secretary. League of Mercy members were met around the supper table and words of counsel and direction given by Mrs. Tyndall were received readily.

Following this enjoyable season Mrs. Tyndall addressed a large public gathering in the Citadel, and presided over by Mrs. Major Porter. League of Mercy Sergeant - Major Mrs. H. Simpson led in prayer and a pleasing solo was rendered by Mrs. Major Worthylake. Mrs. Tyndall, in her excellent talk, spoke of the fine work carried on by the League of Mercy in Canada.

Park Open-Air Meetings

Held Listeners at Old Toronto I

The Toronto I, Ont. (Major and Mrs. Everitt) young people's picnic at Sherwood Park was a successful and enjoyable event. Officers and Young People's Workers presided over games and races, and plenty of good things to eat added to the children's happiness. At the close of the day prayer and thanksgiving to God was offered by Major Everitt.

Decision Sunday was marked by a number of children coming to the Mercy - Seat. During the year Junior Soldiers have been enrolled, the result of Decision days. Young people's meetings are encouraging.

Open-air meetings held in Trinity Park on Sunday afternoons are proving helpful. A large crowd of listeners gather to hear the Band, which plays requested hymn tunes. Crowds of children gather around morning and evening open-air meetings and suitable Bible stories are told by Bandsman, and children are invited to join in the singing. Some Young Soldiers are distributed among these children, who appreciate them.

APPEARANCE COMMENDED

Comrades of New Aberdeen, N.S., joined with Glace Bay (Major and Mrs. E. Clarke) Soldiers for a meeting conducted by Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Hoggard. They were accompanied by Major Porter, the Divisional Commander. The Colonel's message was much enjoyed by the large audience.

The Sunbeam - Brownie Pack was commended for their appearance at the Young People's annual demonstration at Sydney recently.

UPHOLDING THE WORD

The visit of Captain Florence Brown to Dresden, Ont. (Lieutenant G. Smith, Pro-Lieutenant Lockwood) resulted in a much appreciated spiritual uplift to comrades and friends.

The Holiness meeting was a time of rich blessing, resulting in one seeker.

The Salvation meeting, in which Captain Brown was assisted by a number of Bandsman from Chatham, was well attended. A local organization paraded to the Hall for Divine Service.

The music provided by the Band was an inspiration and blessing.

Captain Brown's message, "Upholding the Word of God," was appreciated.



TRANS-CANADA BROADCAST—originating in C.B.C. studios, Toronto, Sunday, Aug. 16, from 2:30 to 3:00 p.m. (E.D.S.T.) by the Field Secretary, Lieut.-Colonel F. C. Ham.
BRANTFORD, Ont.—CKPC (1380 kilos.) Every Sunday from 9:30 a.m. to 10 a.m. (B.D.T.), a broadcast by the Citadel Band.
CALGARY, Alta.—CJCJ (700 kilos.) Every Monday afternoon from 2:30 to 2:45 (M.D.T.) "Sacred Moments," a devotional program conducted by the Officers of the Hillhurst Corps.
CAMPBELLTON, N.B.—CKNB (930 Kilos.) Every Tuesday morning from 8:30 to 8:45 (A.D.T.) "Morning Devotions," conducted by the Corps Officer.
EDMONTON, Alta.—CJCA Every Sunday morning from 10 to 10:30 (M.D.T.), a broadcast by the Edmonton Citadel Corps.
GRAND PRAIRIE, Alta.—GFGP (1340 kilos.) "Morning Meditations." Each Thursday from 9:00 a.m. to 9:30 a.m. (M.D.T.), a devotional period of music and song led by the Corps Officers.
HALIFAX, N.S.—CHNS (930 kilos.) Every Wednesday from 9:00 a.m. to 9:15 a.m. (A.D.T.) "Morning Devotions."
HALIFAX, N.S.—CHNS (930 kilos.) and short wave transmitter VE9HX, 49.02 metre band. Each Sunday from 3:15 p.m. to 4:00 p.m. (A.D.T.), "The Sunshine Hour."
KIRKLAND LAKE, Ont.—CJJKL (550 kilos.) Every Wednesday from 7:45 a.m. to 8 a.m., a devotional broadcast conducted by the Corps Officers.
NORTH BAY, Ont.—CFCH. Every Monday from 9 a.m. to 9:15 a.m. (E.D.T.), devotional broadcast.
PETERBORO, Ont.—CHEX (1430 kilos.) Each Sunday evening from 7:30 to 8 o'clock (E.D.T.), a broadcast by the Temple Corps.
PRINCE ALBERT, Sask.—CKBI (900 kilos.) "Morning Meditation" daily from 9:00 to 9:15 (M.D.T.), Monday to Friday, inclusively, conducted by Adjutant C. A. Smith.
TIMMINS, Ont.—CKBG. Every Saturday from 7:15 a.m. to 7:30 a.m. (E.D.T.), a devotional period.
VANCOUVER, B.C.—CJOR. On Sunday, July 5, from 3:45 to 4:15 p.m. (P.D.T.), a Salvation Army broadcast.
VICTORIA, B.C.—(1480 kilos.) Every Saturday morning from 8:45 to 9:00 a.m. (P.D.T.) "Morning Meditation."
WINGHAM, Ont.—CKNX (920 kilos.) Every Friday from 10:30 to 11:00 a.m. (E.D.T.), a devotional broadcast conducted by the Corps Officers.
The Editor should be advised of any changes in Corps broadcasting schedules, so that this column may be kept accurate and up-to-date.

INFLUENCED BY OPEN-AIR MEETING

AFTER listening to the open-air meeting on a recent Saturday night a young nurse of the air-force just passing through the city, felt the urge to come to the Holiness meeting on Sunday. There she re-consecrated her life to the service of God.

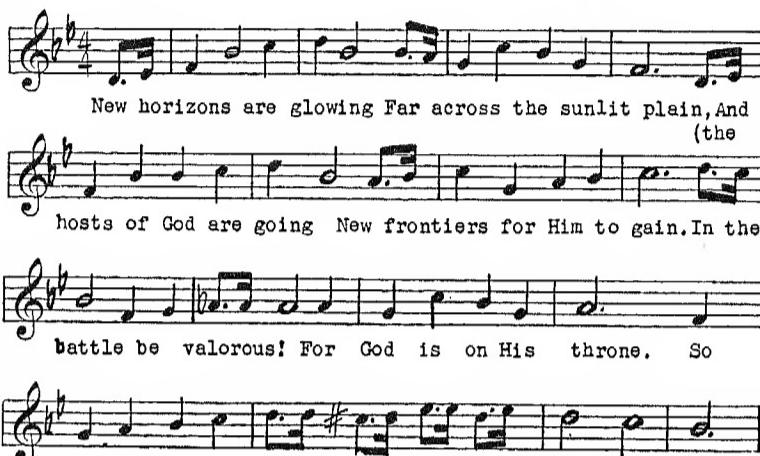
It is good to know that our efforts are bringing others to think of their soul's salvation.—Calgary Citadel Messenger.



Songs that stir and bless

NEW HORIZONS

A Stirring Chorus by Alexander McGregor, Simcoe, Ont.



New horizons are glowing Far across the sunlit plain,
(the)
hosts of God are going New frontiers for Him to gain. In the
battle be valorous! For God is on His throne. So
fight & pray until that glorious day when He shall claim
(His own!)

THE SAFE HAVEN
Tune: "Killarney"
Jesus! Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me,
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring,
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Plenteous grace with Thee is
found,
Grace to wash away my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee,
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

COME NOW!
Tune: "Only a Step"
Only a step to Jesus!
Then why not take it now?
Come, and thy sin confessing,
To Him, thy Saviour, bow.

CHORUS
Only a step, only a step!
Come, He waits for thee!
Come, and thy sin confessing,
Thou shalt receive a blessing;
Do not reject the mercy,
He freely offers thee.

Only a step to Jesus!
Believe and thou shalt live!
Lovingly now He's waiting,
And ready to forgive.

Tune: "Silent Night"
Beautiful Christ, beautiful Christ,
Hope of my soul, making me
whole,
Kind and tender and loving and
pure,
In Thy keeping my soul is secure,
Ever in Thee I am trusting,
Beautiful, beautiful Christ.

It Set Him Thinking

A Radio Comedian in a Serious Mood

From the New York War Cry

THE noted radio personality, Eddie Cantor, while broadcasting in Los Angeles not long ago, stepped before his audience at the close of his program, and remarked:

"We've had a lot of fun here tonight, ladies and gentlemen, and now, if you'll permit me, I'd like to say something more serious."

"Here in Los Angeles a few days ago we had a rather disturbing windstorm. I was walking along Sunset Boulevard at the time, and, like other pedestrians, I ran for cover as a gale swept down. There were a number of stores nearby, but something guided me toward a building across the street. I stood there in the archway several minutes, I guess, before I realized where I was. I had taken refuge in the doorway of a church—and it set me thinking."

"The world to-day is going through something far more threatening than a windstorm. Every single one of us needs refuge of one

kind or another. And I know of no better place to go for it than to church. You know, the church must be a very strong and righteous thing — for it has survived every enemy it ever had. And the book which embodies the principles of the church—the Bible—is still at the top of the best-selling list."

"We are extremely fortunate to live in a country where we can worship as we please, when we please. Let's make the most of this blessing. Go to church — whatever your race or creed. You'll meet old friends—and make new ones. The greatest calamity that can befall a people is the loss of religion. Don't let it happen here. Go to church."

BRITISH SALVATIONIST HONORED

Leading Seaman Stanley Brown, a Salvationist of Nuneaton, Eng., has been awarded the Order of the British Empire for bravery when his ship was attacked.



AN EASY CHAIR, A CUP OF TEA

Women of the Auxiliary Territorial Service welcome the amenities of their own Red Shield Club